

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

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GRACE DARLING.

GRACE DARLING, whose name, by an act of heroic daring, has resounded through the civilized world, was born November 24, 1815, at Bam-borough, on the coast of Northumber-land, England. She was the seventh child of William Darling, a steady, judicious, and sensible man, who held the responsible office of keeper of the Longstone light-house, situated on one of the most distant and exposed of the Farne Islands, a rocky group extend-ing some seven or eight miles beyond this dangerous coast. In this isolated position — where weeks sometimes elapsed without communication with

the main land, the greater part of Grace's existence was passed, with no other companionship than that of her parents and brother, who resided at the light-house. She benefited by the advantage of a respectable education suited to one in her sphere of life, and her time was principally occupied in assisting her mother in household affairs.

Grace had reached her twenty-second year when the incident occurred which has given her so wide-spread and just a fame. The Forfarshire steamer, proceeding from Hull to Dun-dee, with sixty-three persons on board, was wrecked upon one of the fearful

craggs of the Farne groups, on the night of the 6th of September, 1838. The vessel, which, upon subsequent inquiry proved to be utterly unseaworthy, was broken in two pieces, the after part, with many souls upon it, being swept away instantly, while the fore part remained upon the rock. The captain and his wife were among the number of those who perished. Nine persons survived the horrors of that night upon the remaining fragment of the wreck, exposed amid rain and profound darkness, to the fury of the waves, and expecting momentarily to be engulfed by the boiling surge.

At daybreak on the morning of the 7th, these poor people were discovered from Longstone by the Darlings, at nearly a mile's distance, by means of a glass, clinging to the rocks, and remnants of the vessel. Grace, the moment she caught sight of them, perceiving their imminent danger—for the returning tide must wash them off—immediately determined to save them; and no remonstrances of her father, who, in the furious state of the sea, considered it a desperate and hopeless adventure, had any power in dissuading her. There was no one at the time at the light-house but her parents and herself, her brother being absent on the main land; and she declared, if her father would not accompany her, she would go alone; that, live or die, she would attempt to save the wretched sufferers.

Her father consented to the trial. The boat was launched with the assistance of the mother, and the father and daughter each taking an oar, proceeded upon their errand of mercy. They succeeded; and in no instance has lowly virtue and unobtrusive heroism met with more prompt acknowledgement and just reward. The highest enthusiasm prevailed throughout Great Britain, as the adventure became known, and distant nations responded with hearty sympathy. To reward the bravery and humanity of Grace Darling, a subscription was raised in England, which amounted to

seven hundred pounds, and she received besides numberless presents from individuals, some of them of distinguished rank. Her portrait was taken, and multiplied over the kingdom; the Humane Society sent her a flattering vote of thanks, and a piece of plate; dramatic pieces were performed, representing her exploit; her sea-girt home was invaded by steamboat loads of wonder-seeking admirers, and offers of marriage—not a few—flowed in upon her.

Amid all this tumult of applause so calculated to unsettle the mind, Grace Darling never for a moment swerved from the modest dignity which belonged to her character. She continued, notwithstanding the improvement in her circumstances, to reside at the light-house with her parents, content to dwell in the secluded and humble sphere in which her lot had been cast, proving by her conduct that the liberality of the public had not been unworthily bestowed.

Grace Darling, as is too often the case with the noble and good, was not destined to long life. She survived only a few years to enjoy her well-earned fame. In 1841, symptoms of declining health exhibited themselves, and on the 20th of October, 1842, she died of consumption.

Grace Darling is described as a woman of the middle size, comely though not handsome, but with an expression of mildness and benevolence most winning. Her disposition was always retiring and reserved, the effect, no doubt, of her solitary mode of life, which unquestionably fostered and concentrated the quiet enthusiasm of her character, and made her the heroine of one of the most beautiful episodes in the history of woman.—*Biographies of Distinguished Women.*

A QUIET exposition of truth has a better effect than a violent attack on error. Truth extirpates weeds, by working its way into their place, and leaving for them no room to grow.

THE OLD MAID, AND THE WIFE.

BY ANNIE DANFORTH.

CHAPTER I.

"GRACE, darling, I have something painful to say to you to-night."

"I know it. God help me!"

"Yes, God help you, poor girl, and God help me too. Oh, Grace! how can I give you up?"

"Oh, Robert, spare me! My heart tells me what you would say, and yet, oh! I can not, I will not believe it. There is *hope* still; something must be done;" and Grace Stanley, who, of late, had grown almost as pale as the consumptive at her side, shrank prone upon the ground sobbing and shuddering.

There was no longer room to doubt. Robert Deming was dying of consumption. Gradually the truth had forced itself upon them. Neither could yet bring their lips to utter to the other the fact which was uppermost in the mind of each, but to-day Robert had been so feeble that he felt that his lips must no longer be sealed. Putting his arm around her, he gently drew her to a seat upon the low form beside him, and supported her upon his breast, and moved his hand caressingly over her aching head till she grew quiet.

"I remember," Robert said at length, "a story of a poor blind child, who wandered in a beautiful wood all day and felt no fear. Often the scent of the violet or wild rose would reveal to her its hiding-place, the song of a bird would make her heart thrill joyfully, or the murmurs of a waterfall would charm her ear with its melody. But sometimes when she would pluck a flower, a bee would sting her, or a thorn pierce her hand. When she tried to take the bird it would soar far beyond her reach; and when at length she stooped to bathe her forehead in the water, she struck her face against a sharp rock, and cried out with pain. Just then she heard a sweet voice call her, and she knew that it came from the other side of the water, and she rose in haste to obey. Then almost

instantly her eyes were opened, and she saw for the first time all the beautiful things around her. But she felt no desire to stay, for she heard the voice, and she saw flowers that bloom forever in the place from whence it came, and she heard music that made the singing of the birds sound discordant. There *was one* rose that looked to her almost as beautiful as any she saw beyond the stream, and she thought she must carry it with her if she went, and while she was thinking so, she heard the voice calling louder than ever to her, and it sounded more irresistibly sweet than before. But the rose detained her, for it clung yet to the stem, and she heard the voice once more, and this time it said, 'We do not need the flowers here yet, you must come alone.' So she kissed the rose and hastened away, and the angel came to meet her, and from that day she was never blind, and never wandered alone, for beautiful beings kept her company, and not long after the king of the place to which she went, sent an angel to transplant the rose to the gardens of the same country, where it bloomed forever."

He paused a moment to answer back the smile that had settled on the face of the before weeping girl, and then said: "I too have wandered in darkness, and now a voice calls me, and I know the voice. It is not that of an angel — it is the voice of Jesus, and cheerfully would I go forward. You, my Grace, are the flower to which my heart clings, but you must not detain me. Wait patiently will you not until God sees that you are needed there, and sends an angel to transplant you to the banks of the River of Life?"

The story of the blind child was told so calmly, and toward the last almost triumphantly, that Grace had felt herself lifted far above the selfishness which would have detained her lover from the world of rest and beauty, toward which his footsteps tended so surely.

They talked long, both of his

prospects and of hers, and never after did she sink to such depths of wretchedness as she had endured for those few days. The spirit, soon to be released, saw so clearly beyond "the stream," and talked so freely and joyfully of the bright future, that her spirit was led to join, even, sometimes, in the song of triumph. They spoke often to one another of the event which so plainly "cast its shadows before," which was to open to one a day of cloudless light, but which was to be to the other the ushering in of a long day of darkness and sorrow. Hope, as it always will, came sometimes to Grace, for the disease would array itself in the brightest garments of health; but, ah! we all know how the heart rebounds to deeper despair after the bright hopes are withered.

Days of suffering and watching at last lengthened to weeks, and weeks to months, and the angel of Death which had hovered over them so long, slackened his wing upon the threshold, and Robert Deming's mission on earth was complete. Grace had been with him the last few weeks of his earthly life. She lingered to see the clods laid above him, and then returned to her father's house a widow indeed.

CHAPTER II.

With a vexed, irresolute expression upon her countenance, Caroline Reed had for at least an hour been holding her pen balanced above the paper before her, upon which she had made just this progress, "Dr. Lester—Sir."

"Heigh ho!" at length she exclaimed, "twenty-three; well, I yield to fate, and really why should I hesitate?"

She dipped her pen again in the ink, and this time commenced writing:

"DR. LESTER—*Sir*: Your letter is before me, and according to your request I have considered it well, and now proceed to answer it. My letter must be longer than yours, but I will make it as short as I can, and at the same time perfectly truthful. I

will not seek to hide from you the fact that, had I received such a proposal as *you* make, at eighteen, I should have returned an immediate and indignant refusal. But the wisdom of eighteen and of twenty-three is not exactly alike. I have searched in vain for any word or assurance of affection in your letter, but quote truthfully from you the warmest expression in which you have indulged. 'The past three months of intimate acquaintance, have not failed to secure for you my sincere respect and esteem.' Five years ago I loved and became engaged to a young man of undoubted merit. Why that engagement was broken off I have never known. It is enough that it is buried with the dead things of the past; the time has no doubt been sufficient to make him forget his love, if it ever really existed. As for mine, it was real; but it is long since the memory of it has been permitted to enter the sacred citadel of secret thought. It is true that our acquaintance has been somewhat intimate, but after all what do either of us know of the most sacred sentiments, hopes, and affections of the other? Can we walk quietly and patiently side by side *thus* through life? When the little trials and petty griefs and deeper sorrows incident to all come upon us, can we each retire within ourselves and thus prevent jarring and discord, and will time pass peacefully over us? I do not say happily, for I know my own heart too well, and its longings for sympathy and love. I think I understand you. If you are satisfied with this, and still extend me the offer of your hand, it is accepted.

CAROLINE."

Caroline folded her letter, enveloped and directed it, then settling back in her chair she burst into tears. She had been some time weeping, when she heard a sweet voice calling her name at the door below, and springing to the toilet she bathed away all traces of tears, brushed her hair to perfect smoothness, and when the door to her room opened, she went forward with a bright smile to meet Grace Stanley, exclaiming gayly:

"Ah, Grace! I am glad you are come at last. Do you know I am to be married finally?—and of course I shall need your counsel in a thousand important particulars," and she threw the letter toward her. The pale face of Grace grew grave and anxious as she read and re-read the paper.

"Caroline, cousin Carrie! what does this mean? Are you in earnest?"

"In earnest — of course! Isn't that plain English? Is it not fair writ?"

"But you will never marry James Lester feeling as this letter makes it evident you do feel; but if you send *this*, I need give myself no anxiety — he will never give you a chance."

"Indeed I shall marry him, and he will give me a chance. I shall order the dress immediately. What shall I wear? Now don't look so woe-begone. It is a kind of butter-and-cheese barter you see. He needs a wife, and I, Caroline Reed, am just the lady for him. Passably good-looking, pretty well educated, and the undisputed owner of three thousand dollars, you must perceive that, withal, I shall make a very respectable house-keeper. Now if I choose to 'swap' myself, accomplishments and money, for the name and position he can give me, and the privilege of keeping the house he will build with the 'incumbrance' I shall bring him, why it's even isn't it?" Grace listened with an incredulous smile. "And then you know it's such a horrible thing to be an old maid, and really James is a very good young man, of fair prospects, and I do not dislike him."

"Do not dislike him! Have you forgotten Harry and the past?"

Caroline gave a quick impatient start, then her pale cheek flushed, and she answered almost angrily:

"Grace, it has been three years since that name has passed my lips. From this hour, remember that story is a forbidden theme. I must not, what is more, I will not hear of it. Never call him, or that chapter in the history of my past, to my mind. It is written on a page which is now torn out and destroyed. But, Grace," she added, suddenly resuming her gay manners, "what *shall* I wear — white crape or colored silk? there is a splendid piece of brocade at Wiltses'."

Grace knew her cousin well enough to know that after this, remonstrance from her would be in vain; but she could not enter with any spirit into

the minutiae of wedding arrangements. Caroline, as she had declared she should, proceeded with quiet firmness to make the necessary purchases, talked with unceasing gayety to Grace of her future prospects and plans.

In the course of two or three days she received a note from Dr. Lester, thanking her for the favorable answer which she had sent him, and containing expressions of sincere regard. The style of his first letter had been respectful, but by no means affectionate, and this peculiarity had entirely escaped his notice. To his high sense of honor, the fact that he had offered her his hand seemed sufficient evidence that his heart was interested, and with the same confidence in her integrity, it never occurred to him that Caroline could accept the offer unless prompted to do so, by love.

Caroline had been left an orphan at the age of thirteen, with an only brother, ten years her senior, who had married after their parent's death. To a disposition naturally impulsive and ardent, was added an unflinching independence and firmness in Caroline. Between her brother and herself there had never existed any very devoted attachment. They were too much alike to agree in childhood, and in later years his affections had centered more particularly in his own family. His sister's will came in contact so often with his own, that he had gradually ceased to make much effort to influence her, and had as a consequence taken less and less interest in her affairs. True, he loved her in a general sort of a way, and had she made any effort to gain his confidence he would not have withheld it. But although she wept in secret over her own loneliness, and longed for his sympathy and counsel, it never occurred to her that her own coldness had been the cause.

In her eighteenth year she had met, and with all her heart had loved Harry Lang. She had given to his keeping her whole heart, reserving no portion with which to do homage to her Maker.

A mutual misunderstanding had occurred between them, which had resulted in a separation. Through the intervening years Harry had held sacred his early vows, and hoped, and occasionally made efforts for a reconciliation. He knew she loved him, and the fear never entered his heart that she might give her hand to another while this was so. Their casual meetings had resulted in nothing but unhappiness to both, but Harry patiently waited, and hoped against hope. As for Caroline, she believed herself deceived, and had called all her strength of will and firmness to her rescue, and had hidden the wild anguish of her heart beneath an exterior of unyielding calmness and reserve.

Grace, alone of all her friends, knew the story of the past, and although Caroline had often wept upon her bosom, she had as often repelled and defied her sympathy. Mrs. Reed was by no means the woman to make her home a happy one for her husband's sister. She was a busy, bustling, precise little wife, and felt the utmost contempt for "old maids," which she sometimes expressed to her sister-in-law, in the evident apprehension that she bade fair to join the sisterhood. Caroline's independence took the alarm, and she resolved to accept the first suitor not absolutely repulsive to her, and Dr. Lester, as she suspected he would be, was the happy man.

The preparations for the wedding went briskly forward, and all except Grace were effectually blinded. Twice when she had found her cousin in tears she had renewed her remonstrance, but had met a repulse so defiant that she ever after held her peace.

Dr. Lester and his wife were returning from their bridal tour evidently in high spirits. One morning, the last of their journey, Caroline being unusually weary, slept in her seat until long after light. It had been neces-

sary for them to travel for two nights in succession, as business was calling them homeward. She opened her eyes and glanced round her. Her husband was not to be seen, but with a smile of recognition and delight, Harry Lang was coming toward her.

"I have been waiting ever since daylight, and I discovered you here, with all the impatience possible to see you waken," he said, offering his hand; and then taking the vacant seat beside her, he added in a lower tone, "I am on my way to visit you. Will you bid me welcome?"

He saw the pallor of her face, and interpreted her emotion and silence as his heart inclined.

"Dear Carrie, I come, determined this miserable estrangement shall end. It is killing me, I believe."

He had bent close toward her. He started as she laid her hand on his — it was icy cold, and he looked into her face. There was certainly a look there he had never seen before. Something like the truth flashed upon his mind.

"Caroline, tell me; shall I be welcome?"

The color flashed back to her face. Her husband was coming. Pride, resolution, every strong element of her soul was brought forward to aid in the effort of self-control.

"God forgive me, Harry — I am married," she whispered; and with a manner and voice as calm and passionless as ever, she rose and presented to her husband her old friend, Harry Lang.

He did not notice the look of stern despair which Harry bent upon him, but throwing himself into the seat he had left, exclaimed:

"How tired and really sick you look, my poor Carrie. I must not urge you forward so rapidly. You shall rest in S. . . . a few days, while I go forward. I have been selfish to tax your strength so much. It was only because I disliked to leave you."

Caroline suffered herself to be supported in his arms that she might the more effectually hide her face. How clearly then came before her mind the error, the sin she had committed. How clearly she saw that she had wronged her husband, had wronged Harry, and had wronged herself. What a life-time of sorrow and repentance she saw before her. In the two hours that she lay motionless in her husband's arms — and he thought her sleeping — what a depth of wretchedness surged and rolled in her bosom, and how bright and beautiful looked the happiness she had cast aside. And Harry too, was suffering. She knew it, for she knew well the depth and truth of his nature, and now she heard his step. He was coming toward them. She opened her eyes, and met a glance of firm self-possession, and understood and answered the look of calm inquiry she saw in Harry's eyes. He came forward and seated himself near them, as she rose from her reclining posture, and with a cheerful unembarrassed manner, entered into conversation with Dr. Lester. The doctor thought him decidedly agreeable. Speaking of a mutual friend:

"I made his acquaintance in Actor," said Mr. Lang; "by the way, you must have known him there, Mrs. Lester; you spent your school-days in that place."

Caroline's reference to her engagement flashed instantly upon the mind of Dr. Lester. Her sudden illness that morning, and now — well, certainly, now that he thought of it, he did notice something very peculiar in the appearance of both when he came so suddenly upon them, and with ready intuition he guessed her secret. He had hoped the passion of her first love had passed, but he saw now that he was deceived. In Caroline's resolutions for the future, she had omitted the one thing that might now have secured happiness to them both. She had determined that he should never know more of the past than she had already confided in him.

She would go forward firmly in the performance of her duties as a wife, and he should never know but that love prompted every act of kindness. She did not remember with what quick eyes love discovered the true return, and the false.

* * * * *

In due time they were installed in their new home, and Caroline said to herself and to others that she was happy. Had she turned with the strength of Christian purpose, with perfect truth to her new duties, she might have been. But although to all outward appearances their path was strewn only with flowers, her feet were hurt with the thorn and stung by the insect hidden there. Her husband was almost always gentle and kind, but she saw plainly that he was growing impatient and suspicious, and her heart rose up in anger and rebellion.

"Caroline," said Dr. Lester one day, as he stepped suddenly into her room. She raised her eyes to his. "Your old friend Lang will dine with us to-day. I met him on the street just now, and came home to tell you."

His first words brought the blood to her cheek, but the next moment it was colorless. He had spoken intentionally that he might note the effect of his words, but it sent an added arrow to his heart.

Ever since the meeting on the cars he had sought in every way to lead his wife to confide in him, but he had been coldly and sometimes haughtily repulsed. Every now and then he heard her murmur the name of Harry in her sleep, and not unfrequently it was coupled with some endearing epithet; and when, as he saw her thoughts often wandered, he knew with whom they were — Dr. Lester was excited and angry.

"Caroline," he exclaimed, "you have deceived and wronged me. What right had you to insult me with the gift of your hand, while you knew your heart was given to another? because you thought I stood to you

in the 'interesting position of a last chance for a husband?'"

Caroline sprang to her feet. "I did not deceive you. You never asked me for my love; you never gave me yours," she said, her eyes flashing defiance.

"So when you uttered the marriage vows you confess that you stained your soul with a lie! I asked you to become my wife, and had no idea of the perjury that would allow you to consent to occupy that position unless the relation could be sanctified by love. I *did* give you mine; I did love you, but you are fast teaching me to hate you now."

"Hate me — oh! James, my husband, what are you saying?" she cried, springing before him as he was rapidly leaving the room. "Save me, I pray you! save me to myself, to the world, and to you. Bear with me a little while, and before high Heaven, I will yet be to you a true and loving wife."

At first he would have pushed her from him, but he suddenly drew her to his arms, and looked with eager inquiry into her eyes, pressed a kiss upon her lips, and left the house. Caroline had caught sight of the precipice toward which she was hastening, and with terror in her heart had staggered backward, and cried out for help. Well had it been for her had she gathered up with a firm hand the broken threads of truthfulness, and with the energy she wasted on less worthy objects, turned her footsteps to other paths.

(To be concluded.)

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enables sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.—*Leigh Hunt.*

THE DYING WIFE.

LAY the gem upon my bosom,
Let me feel her sweet warm breath;
For a strange chill o'er me passes,
And I know that it is death.
I would gaze upon the treasure —
Scarcely given ere I go —
Feel her rosy, dimpled fingers
Wander o'er my cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters,
But a blessed shore appears;
Kneel beside me, husband, dearest,
Let me kiss away thy tears.
Wrestle with thy grief, my husband,
Strive from midnight until day;
It may leave an angel's blessing
When it vanisheth away.

Lay the gem upon my bosom,
'Tis not long she can be there;
See! how to my heart she nestles —
'Tis the pearl I love to wear.
If, in after years, beside thee
Sits another in my chair,
Though her voice be sweeter music,
And her face than mine, more fair:

If a cherub call thee "father!"
Far more beautiful than this,
Love thy first-born! oh, my husband!
Turn not from the motherless.
Tell her sometimes of her mother —
You will call her by my name?
Shield her from the winds of sorrow,
If she errs, oh! gently blame!

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping;
I will answer if she calls,
And my breath will stir her ringlets,
When my voice in blessing falls.
Her soft, dark eyes will brighten
With a wonder whence it came;
In her heart, when years pass o'er her,
She will find her mother's name.

It is said that every mortal
Walks between two angels here;
One records the ill, but blots it,
If before the midnight drear
Man repenteth; if uncanceled,
Then he seals it for the skies,
And the right-hand angel weepeth,
Bowing low with veiled eyes.

I will be her right-hand angel,
Sealing up the good for Heaven;
Striving that the midnight watches
Find no misdeed unforgiven.
You will not forget me, husband,
When I'm sleeping 'neath the sod?
Oh love the jewel given us,
As I love thee, next to God.

LETTERS FROM QUIETSIDe.

IV.

G., June 15, 1857.

MY dear M. . . . :—I have been so closely employed for several days past, that fatigue and lassitude have almost prostrated me, and I hail the glorious day of rest as among Heaven's choicest gifts.

"Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest."

Did you ever think, dear M. . . . , what this world would be, were it one continued working-day? No day of quiet rest in prospect—no Sabbath bell, reverberating among the hills and valleys its call to prayer and praise; its invitation to sweet repose and religious contemplation on that "rest which remaineth for the people of God."

It has been said, and by Him, too, who is Lord of all, that "the Sabbath was made for man." It is undoubtedly true, that all things were intended to subserve man's interest and his highest enjoyment; to do this, there must have been an adaptation in all things to man's idiosyncracies. "Order is Heaven's first law;" hence it is presumable that the great Artist, in planning his work, so constituted man that the institution of the Sabbath became a necessity of his nature. Labor was also a divine institution, designed for man's recreation and independence, as it was the appointed way in which his sustenance was to be obtained; his energies, both mental and physical, are largely indebted to labor for their healthy action; these all require the recuperative influence of rest, according to a certain appointment. Man having been thus constituted, "the Sabbath was made" for him, in consideration of his great want. After the first seventh day, when God rested from all his works, there is no special mention of the Sabbath until the record of the Law. It is not then introduced as something new, but recognized as something well known, and its sanctions strongly urged and enforced, as something that had fallen into neg-

lect. Circumstances and references warrant the belief, that the seventh part of time was appropriated to religious services, from the first day of rest, to the time when Noah entered the ark; and by him while he was floating on the world of water, in his transition state from the old world to the new; and from that to the Exodus, and the assembling at Sinai's base. The first two men that were born, brought their offerings "in process of time." This phase is very indefinite, but would seem to indicate some set period; as the end of the year, month, or week. They had, most probably, been taught the modes of worship prescribed by their Maker, and brought to some accustomed place their offering for a religious expression of their obligation to God.

In various parts of Scripture, the term "seven" is used to express completeness, or fully made up; and is therefore called a perfect number. No number occurs so often in the Bible as this; and as it can not, abstractly, have any innate virtues or peculiar significance, it is highly probable that it has some important allusion. May it not refer to the *rest*, after the great work of creation was completed? The shadowing forth a seven-fold division of time, to continue to the end of the world?

More than sixteen hundred and fifty years after the first Sabbath, Noah was commanded to enter the ark with his family, and pairs of every species of animal life; of clean beasts, or those used in religious offerings, there was a *seventh*, and he was allowed seven days to complete his arrangements; and there are satisfactory reasons for the belief that the seventh day was observed during the time they were shut into the ark, from the fact that the interval of seven days elapsed in two instances between the sending forth of the doves. From the use of the phrase, "he stayed yet other seven days," it may reasonably be inferred that the same interval elapsed between the sending forth of the raven and the

first dove; though this is not specified as in the other instances. (See Gen. viii.: 7-12.) From these and other data, it is supposed that the Sabbath was sanctified by the holy patriarchs of antediluvian days; although the great mass of mankind disregarded it, as they discarded all knowledge of God and his institutions.

It has been supposed by some theologians, that the population of the earth was much greater at that time than it has been since; and that gross wickedness stalked forth with unblushing front, and was dominant in the world, as it never has been since the deluge. Many reasons are in favor of this hypothesis, for, after all, it is little more.

Man, unquestionably, as he came from the hands of his Maker, approached more nearly to intellectual perfection, than man in his lapsed state can well conceive. Although when he sinned, all his powers were paralyzed by the shock, yet, probably, the deterioration was gradual through the many centuries of his allotted life; emboldened by the impunity, he was encouraged to excesses in wickedness, until sin stalked forth, the "horrid monster, misshapen and blind;" it became before the world's destruction by the deluge. All the mental powers were in full strength and activity; discoveries in science, and acquisitions in art were the ready offspring of his thought; and his life extending to nearly one thousand years, gave ample opportunity for the same man to change, improve, and perfect the work which had originated in his own brain. Results of opposite character would naturally follow; on the one hand, great attainments, great improvements would accrue; on the other, wickedness would increase in an increased ratio, in a progressive proportion; this is its nature, and in confirmation of this view of the subject, the inspired historian assures us that "the wickedness of man was great; that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." "The

earth was corrupt before God, and filled with violence." "All flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth." That is, wickedness was rampant, and the little piety that remained, was like a little leaven hidden in a measure of meal, which, for the time, made no exhibition of its presence, though it was destined by-and-by to show its workings by unmistakable signs. Of course, the institutions of God were laughed to scorn. His promises and threatenings scouted from their minds.

As they increased in knowledge, wealth, and improvements, their heart's language was, "Who is the Lord that we should serve him? Why does he delay his coming?" The odor of lost blessing falls upon the heart with increased sweetness, like the gentle dews of eve, after the fierce heat of the day. Such, we may suppose, was the zest with which the faithful few met each other to speak of Him who was ignored by the heartless multitude around them; to commemorate at returning seasons their relationship to God, and their obligation to Him, of which, each Sabbath was a renewed memorial.

With how much greater joy should we greet that glorious day, in whose holy memories we celebrate another, a promised completion of that great work—the mystery into which angels desired to look—when "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head,"—when the Lord Jesus Christ "led captivity captive." Should we not then, with our best energies, hail THE SABBATH!

"Bless'd morning! whose first opening rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode."

In our moments of exaltation, when the heart-cry is, "What can I render to my God for all His benefits?"—do we include that of the blessed Sabbath? Do we realize the great privilege afforded us, to lay aside all secular concerns, and hold communion sweet and high with the great Jehovah, the author of all things?

In all the special indulgences granted to man, there is perhaps no *one* so entirely adapted to the infirmity of his nature, as the appropriation of one-seventh part of time for rest and meditation. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; six days shalt thou labor, but on the seventh thou shalt rest." By this command we are not to suppose that a little less inactivity is allowed on the seventh day; neither that the great work of Religion is to be confined to that day, and excluded from the week-day labors. We are commanded to labor six days not only, but to "do all our work;" no rational being can suppose that *all* his work consists in providing for the frail, dying body. The soul—the *soul* that dies not, that returns to God from whom it is an emanation, being our priceless gem, requires special provision, not only by the meditation and thanksgiving of the Sabbath, but by preparation for that sacred day on every day of the week beside. The great work of repentance, which leads to prayer and watchfulness, is not the peculiar work of the Sabbath; no! the Sabbath is the day for which all the other days are made; and all the days of the week should subserve a preparation for that holy day, which is a bright emblem, a blessed type of that glorious rest,

"Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains."

Oh, my soul! let this sacred morning carry to the recording angel good intelligence of thy heavenward inclinations. Strive so to divest thyself of corporeal affections, that, with calm delight and humble adorations, thou mayest prostrate thyself before the Majesty of heaven and earth, and mingle thy aspirations of prayer and praise with angels, and archangels, and glorified spirits, which surround the throne of the Eternal, and cry unintermittingly, "Holy, holy, holy Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." "Worthy is the lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor,

and glory, and blessing." Blessed Jesus! thou didst sanctify this day when thou shook off the bonds of death, ascended on high, and gave gifts to men, the greatest of which is symbolized by this sacred day. More than eighteen hundred years ago, on the morning of the first day, "while it was yet dark," did'st thou spoil the spoilers, and bring life and immortality to light. Therefore we celebrate the first day of the week. Sometimes thy children go to the sanctuary while it is "yet dark;" wilt thou, benignant Saviour, dispel those shades, and so illuminate their desponding spirits, that they shall, with exultant joy, cry out, "My Lord and my God." Enable thy worshipers to say to each other, and all around them:

"Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest for weary minds;
Provides an antepast of heaven,
And gives this day the food of seven."

L'AMIE.

THE TRUE WOMAN.

THE true woman, for whose ambition a husband's love and her children's adoration are sufficient, who applies her military instincts to the discipline of her household, and whose legislative abilities exercise themselves in making laws for her house; whose intellect has field enough for her in communion with her husband, and whose heart asks no other honors than his love and admiration; a woman who does not think it a weakness to attend to her toilet, and who does not disdain to be beautiful; who believes in the virtue of glossy hair and well-fitting gowns, and who eschews rents and raveled edges, slipshod shoes, and audacious make-ups; a woman who speaks low, and does not speak much; who is patient and gentle, intellectual, and industrious; who loves more than she reasons, and yet she does not love blindly; who never scolds and rarely argues, but adjusts with a smile—such a woman is the wife we have all dreamed of once in our lives, and is the mother we still worship in the backward distance of the past.—*Dickens*.

GROWING OLD.

BY MISS MARY J. CROSMAN.

A BEVY of girls sat around Mrs. Wilton's tea-table. Mirth, hope, and happiness were inmates of every heart, sorrow was but a name; and the future's vista, so far as youthful fancy could discern, was joyous and unclouded.

"There comes old aunty Grey," said Agnes Wilton, looking out of the open window; "do see how wrinkled and crooked. Girls, I wonder what will bow us down, and furrow our faces, and whiten our heads."

"Oh, let's tell fortunes, exclaimed Sue Lawson, eagerly; "Sarah Somers can tell them; come, Minnie, turn up your cup, and Ella, and all the girls."

"I don't believe they have much confidence in your fortune-teller, Sue," said Sarah, with a manner which would fully sanction their unbelief.

"Oh, yes!" interposed Minnie; "we'd as soon trust you as any of the profession."

"Come, Hattie, and Jennie, hand over your cups. I've shaken the teapot thoroughly," said Agnes, affecting a little impatience at their delay.

So with mock gravity, and a dialect suited to the occasion, they told each other of letters and presents to be received, circles waiting to be closed, journeys to be taken, and all the et ceteras of happiness, whose omens could be crowded within the circumference of a teacup.

Time, like a ruthless revealer walking over the earth, had measured off many years since the tea-party at Mrs. Wilton's, telling with unerring certainty fortunes then clad in the brilliant foldings of a mysterious future. Aye, that future had worn chameleon hues, distance had lent enchantment to the view, and every thorn was hidden beneath some fragrant rose.

Sarah Somers matured into a splendid woman; her moral and intellect-

ual attainments were of a high order, and a degree of the feminine graces and accomplishments gave to her character a softened, fascinating beauty. In acknowledgement of her genial heart, love and friendship came hand in hand offering their choicest gifts upon its shrine. In early womanhood her affections were lavished upon one worthy of the gift, but it was hers to realize the truth of what Meredith wrote: "Whom first we love, you know, we seldom wed." A cruel fate separated herself and lover; the fibres of the soul torn and uprooted, wound themselves about one who had desired her hand hitherto, and now pressed his suit so earnestly, that in the deep twilight of sorrow she assented. But the yielding lover became a jealous, exacting husband, and Sarah Somers drank at times from a bitter cup. The noble impulses of her nature could be but partially followed, for her spirit, like a bird with clipped wings, could describe only a narrow circle in its flight.

Thus united to one of vulgar tastes and unrefined mind — though of prepossessing exterior — in the fulfillment of her marriage vow, to "honor and obey," she had need adopt her husband's motto, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry;" so they ate of the bread that begetteth hunger, and drank from broken cisterns to satisfy an immortal thirst. The soul fitted to soar aloft and banquet with the gods, according to the ancient myth, groveled on with the earth-worm at its side, but dark eyes told of restless yearnings, and raven-like hair was early besprinkled with silver threads.

Agnes Wilton had wedded gold. When Abraham's servant went forth to seek a wife for his master Isaac, the angel of the Lord went before to make ready the heart of the beautiful Hebrew damsel; but the emissary of a darker sovereign was commissioned, when, in the heart of Agnes an altar was reared, which claimed for its offerings gold instead of love. Splendor and elegance surrounded her, but they

only mocked the poverty within. From strange and untold circumstances, her life wore on with but little cheer, illumined now and then by the flashings of an unsteady sun. Too late she felt the fetters that were imposed upon her, which, though gilded, blent their clanking with the spirit's sadness.

Another dwelt under a cottage roof, quaffing from life's chalice nectar of the brightest hue. "Give me neither poverty nor riches," was Agur's prayer, and the blessings of this golden mean were fully realized in the home of Hattie Jennings. Roses blossomed without, birds warbled among the laurels, and the creamy odors of the bean vine were exhaled by glowing suns. When the gorgeous but chilly twilights of autumn came on, the shutters were closed, the slippers were placed by the glowing grate, and glad hearts throbbed with the happiness of home. Music flowed forth in happy numbers, but sweeter than the tones of harp or lute were the voices of childhood, and the pattering of little feet that came around the evening hearthstone. Then at the good-night hour, an earnest voice commended them to our Father's care, and sweet forgetfulness descended on silent wings to every couch, "for so He giveth his beloved sleep." Aye, the wealth of love beneath that roof, was a richer argosy than ever left the Eldorado of the West.

Alas! that among that little party one should have proved a Magdalen, a wanderer from the fold. Heavy waves of sorrow drifted over that soul, and its horizon was hung with weeping clouds. The grave offered a grateful refuge, but its shelter was denied her. At length she heard amid the darkness a heavenly voice saying, "Sister, go and sin no more." Then, a faint light glimmered, but the lost radiance that went out with virtue came not again.

Minnie Berton, the sweet childish maiden, whose blue eyes spake depths of love, and whose soft, wavy hair parted over a thoughtful brow, gave herself to one who labored with impassioned ardor in his Master's service.

Gentleness and firmness were happily blended in her character, and the garments of her soul, so beautiful and pure, bespoke to every eye the tracer-ies of angel workmanship. She, the truly noble, grew old upon a foreign soil. A cycle of years went by fraught with labors and hopes, and then, in the land of her adoption they made her grave. The crested hoopoo bird, in its flight for the golden orange and luscious banana of the south, passes her resting-place, and the perfumes of that sunny land float to and fro above her form, but never a bird or breeze from her childhood's home hath wandered so far. The marble at her head repeats the Saviour's promise, "Whoso looseth his life for my sake shall find it;" and who shall say that in the land of the glorified she hath not found an undimmed counterpart of her toil below.

Susie Lawson trod a toilsome path in the rugged vale of poverty, though her cheerful spirit gathered up many pleasures by the wayside, in spite of its stern surroundings. But the dreams of early life were never realized, and at times, their memory came floating in like an interlude of magical sweetness amid the deep, rough bass of life.

"Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls,
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,
And for him who sat by the chimney-lug
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law;
Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, 'it might have been.'"

There was but one among that number who never grew old. Sweet Nellie Ray! Other lips pressed the cup of sorrow, while hers were never parted with one low wail of woe; other hands wrought with weariness and sometimes pain, but hers, of marble whiteness, were folded over a snowy robe. Her spirit clad in immortality was among the dwellers of the heaven-land. Short had been its earthly sojourn, but the "better part" was early chosen. Beautiful were those footprints leading toward the mark for the prize, but more beauteous, as they entered the gate of pearl to receive an eternal crown.

LOVE THY WIFE.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

O, LOVE thy wife, who gave her heart,
Her girlish heart to thee,
And trusted that her offering
A valued one would be;
O, treasure well the noble gift,
And guard its purity!

O, love thy wife whose life grew bright,
When thou didst wake her love;
Who, with her dreams of future bliss,
Thy manly presence wove;
O, ever to the trusting one,
A loving husband prove!

O, love thy wife who left her home,
Her pleasant home for thee,
Consenting for thy sake to tread
The path of poverty;
Prove thou but kind, and true, and good,
The path will flowery be.

O, love thy wife! perchance when thou
For weary days hast lain
And tossed upon a restless couch,
And groaned with racking pain,
She has been near to cheer thy gloom,
And gently nurse thee then;

Or, when the light of reason fled,
And death seemed hovering near,
She sat and watched beside thy bed
With mingled hope and fear;
And often on thy unconscious head
Let fall affection's tear.

O, love thy weary, patient wife
Who hath so many cares,
Upon whose brow "old father Time"
Records the passing years,
For nothing but a husband's love
May stay the starting tears.

O, love thy wife! the world would be
To her a desert place,
The weeks would seem like weary months,
The hours like lingering days,
Should not affection's happy smiles
Irradiate thy face.

O, love thy wife! she'll turn to thee
When others prove untrue,
And finding thine a faithful heart,
Her love will gush anew;
At such an hour as this, do thou
Thy early vows renew.

O, love thy wife who gave to thee
The laughing girls and boys,
That waken in thy manly breast
Parental hopes and joys;
Ever unto the faithful wife,
Be sweet the husband's voice.

O, love thy wife! for thee she prays
At morning, and at eve,
And when she sees thee turn aside
The path of truth to leave,
She'll turn away from light and mirth,
And in her closet grieve.

O, love thy wife, tho' she have faults,
For thou must surely know
That faultless ones are not among
The dwellers here below;
Reprove her kindly, gently, then,
For thou hast errors too.

O, love thy wife! thou knowest not
That she may tarry long,
To cheer thy care-o'erburdened heart
With sunlight and with song;
O, do the gentle, passing one
No little, careless wrong.

A SKETCH.

Oh, mountain high! with evergreens
Adorning thy fair form,
I gaze upon thy beauty
In the fresh and lovely morn,
When sitting in thy grandeur,
With dew-besprinkled face,
Sol covers thee with splendor
Ere he travels on his race.
And then again I gaze on thee
In the soft and stilly night,
When o'er the heaven's curtain
Fair Luna sheds her light,
When brilliant are the wreathing stars,
That shines above thy brow,
Around the moon, their mother,
Who leads them gently now.
The pebbly brooklet at thy base
Dimples and laughs at thee,
And thou in answer wave'st thy wreaths,
Thus giving glee for glee.
Sweet budding spring and summer fair,
Still autumn with her showy dress,
And winter with his silvery hair,
To thee their lips they press.
Yet, as they each in turn go by
And leave their impress there,
Naught of thy beauty do they mar,
But make thee still more fair.

And thus, my song must leave thee,
For I should try in vain
To paint thy passing beauty
Through each brief season's reign.

DARTHA.

"TRANQUILLITY dwells not with riches,
Nor in fame, nor in noble birth;
I will tell you where I have found it,—
By my humble, quiet hearth."

THE MISTAKE.

"I'll never do it — never so long as I live!" And the boy clenched his hands together, and strode up and down the room, his fine features flushed, and his forehead darkened with anger and shame. "I'd ask the minister's pardon in father's presence, of course I would; but to go before the whole academy, boys and girls, and do this!" His whole frame writhed at the thought. "Ellsworth Grant, you'll brand yourself as a coward and a fool all the days of your life. But father never retracts, and he said I must do this or leave the school, and go out on the farm to work; and the whole village will know the reason, and I shall be ashamed to look anybody in the face. I've a good will to run away." The boy's voice grew lower, and a troubled, bewildered expression gathered on his flushed features. "It would be very hard to leave all the old places; and then, never to see Nellie again; it would break her heart, I know it would." And his face worked convulsively a moment, but it settled down into a look of dogged resolution the next. "I musn't think of that now; though it's only ten miles to the seaport, and I could walk that in an hour, and get a place on some ship about to sail, before father was any wiser. Some time I'd come back, of course, but not until I was old enough to be my own master."

The boy sat down and buried his face in his hands, and the sunset of the summer's day poured its currents of crimson and amber into the chamber, and over the bowed figure of the boy. At last he lifted his head; there was a look of quiet resolve in the dark hazel eyes and about the usually smiling mouth, which in youth is so painful, because it always indicates mental suffering.

Ellsworth Grant was at this time just fifteen. He was his father's only son, and he was motherless. The deacon was a stern, severe man, while Ellsworth inherited his mother's warm,

sunny temperament. His father was a man of unswerving integrity and rectitude—a man who would have parted with his right hand sooner than have committed a dishonest act; but one who had few sympathies for faults indigenous to peculiar temperaments and characters; a man whose heart had never learned the height and depth, and the all-embracing beauty of that mightiest text, which is the diamond among all the pearls and precious stones of the Bible: "Be ye charitable."

He was a hard, exacting parent, and Ellsworth was a fun-loving, mischief-brewing boy, that everybody loved, despite his faults, and the scrapes he was always getting his neck into. There is no doubt that Deacon Grant loved his son, but he was not a demonstrative man; and then—it is the sad, sad story that may be written of many a parent—"he did n't understand his child," and there was no mother, with her soft voice and soothing words, to come between them.

Ellsworth's last offense can be told in a few words. The grape vine which, heavy with purple clusters, trailed over the kitchen windows of the school-teacher's residence, had been robbed of more than half its fruit, one Saturday afternoon, when the inmates were absent. The perpetrators of this deed were, however, discovered to be a party of the school-boys, among whom was Ellsworth. The rest of the boys privately solicited and obtained the school-teacher's pardon, but the deacon, who was terribly shocked at this evidence of his son's want of principle, insisted that he should make a public confession of his fault before the assembled school. In vain Ellsworth explained and entreated. His father was invulnerable, and the boy's haughty spirit entirely mutinied.

* * * * *

"Ellsworth! Ellsworth! where are you going?"

There came down the garden-walk an eager, quivering voice, that made the boy start, and turn round eagerly

as he stood at the garden gate, while the light of the rising day was flushing the gray mountains in the east with rose-colored hues. A moment later, a small, light figure, crowned with golden hair, and a large shawl thrown over its night-dress, stood by the boy's side.

"Why, Nellie! how *could* you! you'll take cold in your bare feet among these dews."

"I can't help it, Ellsworth." It was a tear-swollen face that looked up wistfully to the boy's. "You see, I hav'n't slept any all night thinking about you, and so I was up, looking out of the window, and saw you going down the walk."

"Well, Nellie," said he, pushing back the yellow, tangled hair, and looking at her fondly, "you see I can't do what father says I must, to-day, and so I'm going off."

"Oh, Ellsworth! what will uncle say?" cried the child, betwixt her shivering and weeping, "what will uncle say? How long shall you be gone?"

"I don't know," replied he, "I shan't be back to-day, though. But you mustn't stand here, talking any longer. Father'll be up soon, you know. Now, good-by, Nellie."

There was a sob in his throat, as he leaned forward and kissed the sweet face, that had only seen a dozen summers, and then he was gone.

* * * * *

"Go and call Ellsworth to breakfast, will you, Ellen?" said the deacon, two hours later.

"He is n't up stairs, uncle."

And then, as they two sat down to theirs, Ellen briefly related what had transpired. The deacon's face grew dark as she proceeded.

"He thinks to elude the confession and frighten me, by running off for a day or two," he said; "he will find he is mistaken."

So that day and the next passed, and the deacon said nothing more, but Ellen, who was his adopted child, and the orphan daughter of his wife's

most intimate friend, noticed that he began to look restless, and to start anxiously at the sound of a foot-fall; but still Ellsworth came not.

At last a strict search was instituted, and it was discovered that Ellsworth had gone to sea, in a ship bound for some part of the western coast of Asia, on a three years' voyage.

"I hope he will come back a better boy than he left," was the deacon's solitary commentary; but in the long nights Ellen used to hear him walking restlessly up and down in his room, and his black hair began to be thickly scattered with gray.

But the worst was not yet come. One November night, when the winds clamored and stormed fiercely among the old apple-trees in the garden, Deacon Grant and Ellen sat by the fire in the old kitchen, when the former removed the wrapper from his weekly newspaper, and the first passage that met his eye was one that told him how the ship, the one in which Ellsworth had sailed, had been wrecked off the coast, and every soul on board had perished.

Then the voice of the father woke up in the heart of Deacon Grant. He staggered toward Ellen with a white, haggard face, and a wild, fearful cry, "My boy! my boy!" It was more than his proud spirit could bear. "O, Ellsworth! Ellsworth!" and he sank down senseless, and his head fell into the lap of the frightened child.

After this, Deacon Grant was a changed man. I did not know which was the most to blame in the sight of God, who judgeth righteously. But equally to the heart of many a parent and many a child, the story has its message and its warning.

Eight years had passed. It was summer time again, and the hills were green, and the fields were yellow with her glory. It was in the morning, and Deacon Grant sat under the porch of the great, old, vine-clad cottage; for

the day was very warm, and the top was wrapped round thickly with a hop vine.

These eight years had greatly changed the deacon. He seemed to have stepped very suddenly into old age, and the light wind that stirred the green leaves shook the gray hairs over his wrinkled forehead, as he sat there reading the village newspaper, with eyes that had begun to grow dim. And every little while fragments of some old-fashioned tune floated out to the old man, soft, sweet, stray fragments; and flitting back and forth from the pantry to the breakfast table was a young girl, not handsome, but with a sweet, frank, rosy countenance, whose smiles seemed to hover over the household as naturally as sunshine over June skies. She wore a pink calico dress, the sleeves tucked above her elbows, and a "checked apron." Altogether she was a fair, plump, healthful-looking country girl.

And while the old man read the paper under the hop vine, and the young girl hummed and fluttered between the pantry and the kitchen table, a young man opened the small front gate, and went up the narrow path to the house. He went up very slowly, staring all about him with an eager, wistful look, and sometimes the muscles of his mouth worked and quivered, as one's will when strong emotions are shaking the heart. He had a firm, sinewy frame, of middling height; he was not handsome, but there was something in his face you would have liked; perhaps it was the light away down in the dark eyes; perhaps it was the strength and character foreshadowed in the lines about the mouth. I can not tell; it was as intangible as it was certain you would have liked that face.

The door was open, and the young man walked into the wide hall. He stood still a moment, staring around the low wall, and on the palm-leaved paper that covered the side. Then a thick mist broke into his eyes, and he walked on like one in a dream, appa-

rently quite forgetful that this was not his own home.

I think those low sweet fragments of song unconsciously drew his steps to the kitchen, for a few moments later he stood in the doorway, watching the fair girl as she removed the small rolls of yellow butter from a wooden box to an earthen plate. I can hardly transcribe the expression of the man's face. It was one of mingled doubt, surprise, eagerness, that at last all converged into one joyful certainty.

"Merciful man!"

The words broke from the girl's lips, and the last roll of butter fell from her little hands, as, looking up, she saw the stranger standing in the doorway; and her rosy cheeks actually turned pale with the start of surprise. The exclamation seemed to recall the young man to himself. He removed his hat.

"Excuse me," he said, with a bow of instinctive grace; "but can you tell me, ma'am, if Deacon Grant resides here?"

"Oh, yes, sir! will you walk into the parlor and take a seat? Uncle, here is a gentleman who wishes to see you." And in a flutter of embarrassment she hurried toward the door.

The gentleman did not stir; and, removing his silver spectacles, the deacon came in; and the two men looked at each other, the older with some surprise and a good deal of curiosity in his face; the younger with a strange longing earnestness in his dark eyes that seemed wholly unaccountable.

"Do you know me, sir?" he asked, after a moment's silence, and there was a shaking in his voice.

"I do not know that I ever had the pleasure of meeting you before, sir," said the deacon.

But here a change came over the features of the girl, who had been watching the stranger intently all the time. A light, the light of a long buried recollection seemed to break up from her heart into her face. Her breath came gaspingly between her parted lips, her dilated eyes were

fastened on the stranger ; then, with a quick cry she sprang forward.

"Uncle, it is Ellsworth ! it is surely Ellsworth !"

Oh ! if you had seen that old man then ! His cheeks turned ashen pale, his frame shivered, he tottered a few steps forward, and then the great, wild cry of his heart broke out.

"Is it you, my boy, Ellsworth ?"

"It is I, father ; are you glad to see me ?"

And that strong man asked the question with a sob, and a timid voice, like that of a child.

"Come to me ! come to me, my boy, that I thought was dead — that I have seen every night for the last eight years, lying with the dark eyes of his mother under the white waves. Oh, Ellsworth ! God has sent you from the dead ! Come to me, my boy !"

And the old man drew his arms around his son's neck, and leaned his gray head on his strong breast, and for a while there was no word spoken between them.

"You have forgiven me, father ?" asked the young man at last.

"Do not ask me that, my boy. How many times would I have given every thing I possessed on earth to ask, 'Forgive me, Ellsworth ?' and to hear you answer, 'Yes, father.'"

So there was peace between those two, such peace as the angels, who walk up and down the hills, crowned with the royal purple of eternity, tune their harps over.

"And this — this is Nellie ? How she has altered ! But I know the voice," said Ellsworth at last, as he took the girl's hand in his own, and kissed her wet cheeks, adding very tenderly, "My darling sister Nellie."

And at last they all went out under the cool shade of the vine, and there Ellsworth told his story. The merchant vessel in which he had sailed from home was wrecked, and many on board perished ; but some of the

sailors constructed a raft, on which the boy was saved, with several others. They were afterward rescued by a vessel bound for South America. Here Ellsworth had obtained a situation in a large mercantile establishment, first as a clerk, afterward as a junior partner.

He had written home twice, but the letters had been lost or miscarried. As he received no answer, he supposed his father had never forgiven him for "running away," and tried to reconcile himself to the estrangement. But he had, of late, found it very difficult to do this, and, at last, he had resolved to return to his home, have an interview with his parent, and try whether the sight of his long-absent son would not soften his heart.

Oh ! it was a happy trio that sat under the green leaves of the hop-vine that summer morning ! It was a happy trio that sat down in that low, old-fashioned kitchen, to the delicious dinner of chicken and fresh peas, that Nellie had been so long in preparing !

And that night three very happy people knelt in the old sitting-room, while the trembling voice of the deacon thanked God for him that was dead and "alive again."

TO ALLY.

BY WILLIE WARE.

I THINK of thee by night,
'Mid scenes of wildest bliss,
I feel upon my cheek
Warm, friendship's truest kiss:
I twine my arms around thee,
And whisper words of love,
While brightly shine the moonbeams,
And twinkling stars above.

I think of thee by day,
When in a wild commotion,
I am rudely tossed
On life's tempestuous ocean ;
And cares and sorrows gather,
And light and gladsome flee,—
Yes, in that trying hour,
I think, dear friend ! of thee.

BROOKLYN, 1857.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE'S WORKS:
"CURRER BELL."

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

(Concluded.)

WE have purposely separated the *literary* from the *life* history of Charlotte Brontë, because neither the excellencies nor defects of her genius can be properly estimated without an acquaintance with the peculiar and saddening circumstances of her lot. Placed in ease and content, stirred by more frequent contact with fresh and healthful minds, with a wider scope of congenial sympathies, and a happier experience of life, she would have drawn softer and pleasanter pictures of life. The Currer Bell of prosperity would have been a fairer and more comely personage; but we scarcely feel that she would have taken so deep a hold on our imaginations, or won so largely upon our hearts. But we forget that in prosperity there would have been no Currer Bell; that it was only after the failure of all her cherished projects of life—after all the crooked by-ways and hedges in which she so industriously sought to hide, were closed against her, that she was driven and goaded into that victorious highway which her genius changed in a few brief years into a green arch of triumph.

Miss Brontë was not a voluminous writer, nor would she have been had her career extended over twenty instead of five years. She had not that rare faculty which can make substance out of "airy nothing," nor did such unpalpable, unlife-like creations satisfy her fine perceptions of truth. Her genius in its limits and its strength is seen in the very conception and structure of her stories. Take "Villette,"—her last and ripest work; a French boarding-school—this scanty colorless material is the warp and woof from which that extraordinary tale was woven. The interest of the story does not depend in the slightest degree on that "pomp and circumstance" of rank which is diffused like

a golden haze over all the pages of Scott—there are no knights errant, distressed damsels, disguised barons, nor castle moats; not even a morsel of a military hero does this hard server offer us by way of appetizer to our repast. She sets before us a parcel of school-girls and their teachers; a dish which, in her own words, "a Catholic, ay, even an Anglo-Catholic might eat on Good Friday in Passion week—cold bitters, and vinegar without oil; unleavened bread with bitter herbs, and no roast lamb."

With what despair would Sir Walter have sat down before Currer Bell's poor pile of stones to select material for his splendid gothic piles? Even Dickens, that great wizzard who delights to rear palaces from rubbish, and lift his heroes from the gutter, could have done nothing with that unsightly mass till his genius had played upon it and transmuted it into a glittering wealth of rubies and emeralds. But Currer would take home her despised and rejected stones, cut and polish them with minute labor, bringing out here a concealed crystal or rose-tinted quartz, and there the comely strength of the rude granite, and building with them—not a palace for the genii or a temple for the Pythiess, but a gallery of art, wherein hang the portraits of living men and women.

Currer Bell is a great moral painter. Her pictures are human, palpable, flesh-like resemblances. Her men are neither gods nor demons; her women are neither sylphs nor hags; her heroes are not altogether wise, noble, nor heroic; her heroines are neither ravishingly fair nor angelically good; her foils and marplots are not incarnate essences of malignity, but every-day characters with perverse and mischievous propensities. Even the Pauline's, Shirley's, and Graham's, the "curled darlings" of her heart whom she elaborates so carefully, are very faulty as well as love-worthy beings.

Very few of Currer Bell's characters were purely ideal. She was a close

copyist from experience and nature. Even the "Yorke's," apparently the most exaggerated group in "Shirley," were drawn purely from life, and sent to the originals for identification. A member of the family returned the manuscript with the criticism that Miss Bronte "had not drawn them strong enough." Her observant and analytic faculties had been cultured to acuteness by the very isolation which had limited their range. She studied mind as an artist would study a landscape, or, as she herself studied, all the phases of the sky and moon, noting all the delicate gradations and shadings of character, and copying them with the minute faithfulness and laborious care which in early life she bestowed upon a line engraving. When a person came within her sphere whom she found interesting and worth observing, she silently watched him under various circumstances till she had, so to speak, idolized him, and formed a judgment what he would do and how act under new conditions. She was then ready to set in the frame-work of her narrative; not a piece of statuary, coldly beautiful, but a breathing human creature, with all his imperfections on his head. So well has she dissected the heart, and so intimately studied its vital mechanism, that we are forced to cry out in the midst of our reading, with a sudden fear, "Who is this that searches behind all conventionalisms, down into the very soul, and brings before us thoughts and feelings that we have often felt, but never shaped into words!"

Currer Bell made conscience of accuracy. Effect was always secondary to truth. She would neither deepen the colors on her pallet to gratify a diseased taste, nor soften them below her conceptions of fact and nature. To that highly exciting passage in "Jane Eyre," in which the heroine hears the voice of Rochester, then far distant, calling out in the silence of the night, "*Jane! Jane! Jane!*" objection was raised by a friend from the physical impossibility of the occur-

rence. Miss Bronte replied in a low voice, drawing in her breath, "But it is a true thing; it really happened." Doubtless she had transferred to her fiction some morbid impression which, to her nervously excitable mind had, at some time, all the force of fact.

A lady who had read her description of the sensation produced by opium, and wondered at its strict correspondence with her own impressions under its influence, asked her whether she had ever taken the drug. She replied "that she had never to her knowledge taken a grain of it in any shape, but that she had followed the process she always adopted when she had to describe any thing which had not fallen within her own experience; she had thought intently on it for many and many a night before falling to sleep, wondering what it was like, or how it would be, till, at length, some time after the progress of her story had been arrested at this one point for weeks, she wakened up in the morning with all clear before her, as if she had in reality gone through the experience, and then could describe it word for word as it had happened."

We, as non-spiritualists, do not pretend to understand by what process she was brought into communication with scenes and sensations so removed from her experience; perhaps some narrative, read or heard in years past, reproduced after long slumbering in the memory, was made the ground work upon which the imagination had wrought intently, and reared a fresh creation.

It was Miss Bronte's vivid realization of her conceptions as *facts* which made her so immovable under criticism. Seldom could she prevail upon herself to change even the form of an expression. She had felt that divine afflatus which the gods breathe into those whom they elect, and she obeyed its behests with a religious submission. Her genius mastered her, and thrust aside her will, and desires, and schemes, with an imperious vehemence.

"When authors write best," says Currer to one of her reviewers, "or at least when they write most fluently, an influence seems to waken in them, which becomes their master — which will have its own way, putting out of view all behests but its own, dictating certain words, and insisting on their being used, whether vehement or measured in their nature; now moulding characters, giving unthought-of terms to incidents, rejecting carefully elaborated old ideas, and suddenly creating and adopting new ones."

So powerful was this hand,—call it fate, genius, or what you will,—laid upon her, that she could scarcely be said to hold the threads of her tales in her own keeping. To a friend who had imparted the plot of a work in progress, wherein a mournful fate was decreed the heroine, she wrote: "Yet hear my protest! Why should she die? Why are we to shut up the book weeping? My heart fails me already at the thought of the pang it will have to undergo. And yet you must follow the impulse of your own inspiration. If *that* commands the slaying of the victim, no bystander has a right to put out his hand to stay the sacrificial knife."

It was thus that her own father pleaded with her to accord a more benignant destiny to Lucy in "Villette," but she could not resist the decree that had gone forth further than to leave her fate doubtful, to be interpreted by each reader in accordance with his preferences. Whether praised or blamed, she would write no otherwise than as her powers tended.

The charge of coarseness which has been preferred against Currer Bell is so serious and unwomanly, that we would give much to deny, rather than extenuate it. It lies mainly against "Jane Eyre," a work in which the author did not, probably, follow the bent of her taste so entirely as in any of her other works. "The Professor" is toned to the quiet side of her genius, "Jane Eyre" approaches to the other limit; and in consequence, this brilliant

and exciting book will draw ten readers to the one who will take down the tamer, more wholesome volume from the shelf. We protest against the character of Rochester, while we confess its extraordinary power, its fascination, and its partial nobleness. We feel the full potency of that haughty, generous, knightly nature, and we wonder not when we see the friendless orphan coming under its spell. But we can not forget that he who holds that simple maiden with "his glittering eye," is a selfish voluptuary and a professed libertine, who would appropriate without scruple a fresh young life to regenerate his own. We are displeased with the coarseness of his wooing, and indignant to find her accepting indignities from her lover without wince or recoil. Even renewed as he is supposed to be at last by the serene influence of love, we can not but feel that there are many delicate fibres of a gentle female heart with which such a man as Rochester would come in perpetual jar. This is the only character in the works of Miss Brontë, which, to use her own forcible expression, leaves a bad taste in the mouth. She herself would never have been able to love her own hero clothed in the flesh, and, left to her pure native instincts, she would never have created such an ideal.

We accept the explanation of her biographer. She had the misfortune to study false models. Rigorously adhering to her own canon—to follow nature rather than æsthetical rules—she looked around her little circle for the rudiments of a hero. At home she saw her brother Branwell, not then sunk to his depths in infamy, but indulging in a wholly unpardonable license of speech in the presence of his sisters. Others too of her few male friends, men of worth otherwise, were noticeable for their want of proper reticence before women. Miss Brontë was wholly unconscious of this defect in her compositions, and nothing pained her so much as to be accused of any lack of modesty and proper

decorum. An author said to her jestingly, "You know, you and I, Miss Bronte, have both written naughty books." The remark sank deep into her heart, and she took occasion afterward to ask a judicious friend "whether, indeed, there was any thing so very wrong in 'Jane Eyre.'" Her own emphatic disclaimer of any intention of a coarse and indelicate use of her faculties ought to settle the purity of her intentions. "I trust God will take from me whatever power of invention or expression I may have, before He lets me become blind to the sense of what is fitting or unfitting to be said."

Miss Bronte was acutely, and, we think, unnecessarily sensitive to the question of sex in authorship. She asked no clemency of her critics because she was a woman, but wished to be judged by the intrinsic merits of her works. It was for this that she veiled herself under the ambiguous *nom de plume* of "Currer Bell." A reviewer could not wound her more acutely than by grounding a discussion of the equality of the sexes on her writings, however adroitly and gallantly he might compliment her personally. She came near breaking friendship with one of her ablest and most appreciative critics, because he persisted in remembering that she was a woman. "Come what will," she says, "I can not when I write think always of myself, and of what is elegant and charming in femininity; it is not on these terms, or with such ideas, I ever took pen in hand; and if it is only on such terms my writings will be tolerated, I shall pass away from the public, and trouble it no more. Out of obscurity I came, to obscurity I can easily return."

However masculine the genius of Miss Bronte, both as to its strength and freedom, we are sure nothing adhered to her nature which was not wholly true, feminine, and lovely. Fame did not elate—it only tuned her heart to more hopefulness and courage. She received the acclama-

tions of the public quietly and with a sort of ostrich longing to hide herself from notoriety. Occasional visits to London where all her outgoings and incomings were chronicled, and every public appearance was made under storm from a battery of admiring eyes, was enough to disorganize and disable her for a month, and her only restorative was to bury herself speedily in her solitary native moors. Miss Bronte was above the poor affectation of disparaging criticism—a genuine, honest, appreciative review, though not unmixed with blame, cheered her like the wine of the gods. "My own conscience I satisfy first; and having done that, if I further content and delight a Forsarde, a Fonblanque, and a Thackeray, my ambition has had its ration; it is fed; it lies down for the present satisfied; my faculties have wrought a day's task, and secured a day's wages."

Currer Bell has been called a great "word artist." The phrase is happily descriptive, for there is in all her writings a nice adjustment of words to thoughts, a judicious fitting of the right term into the right place, and a chiseled finish of touch which may be called in the best sense artistic. She was so careful and even fastidious in the dress of her thoughts, that the work of composition always proceeded slowly, and yet it was not ear-harmonies, music, or rhythm which she mainly sought; it was for the higher end of expressing the exact shade of thought which lay in her own mind, that she selected her words as carefully as a maiden assorts the worsteds for her embroidery. No pruner's knife can be laid to her compositions. We do not believe a slovenly, overgrown, trailing sentence can be found; consequently we read her with more pleasure than many other authors equally great but less pains-taking.

The one word which best characterizes Currer Bell is *power*. When she puts forth her strength she masters and exhausts. Her delineations are startling in their intense and vivid

reality. No living novelist can wield language with a more incredible and terrific force. Take the following description of the world's greatest *tragedienne*:

"I went to see and hear Rachel; a wonderful sight; terrible as if the earth had cracked deep at your feet and revealed a glimpse of hell. I shall never forget it. She made me shudder to the marrow of my bones; in her some fiend has certainly taken up an incarnate home. She is not a woman; she is a snake; she is the The tremendous force with which she expresses the very worst passions in their strongest essence, forms an exhibition as exciting as the bull-fights of Spain, and the gladiatorial combats of old Rome; and, it seemed to me, not one whit more moral than these poisoned stimulants to popular ferocity." We can not help thinking that Currer Bell would, had she willed it, have been herself a great tragic writer and won trophies for her sex in a field where few women have safely ventured.

Miss Bronte's descriptive powers are not the least of her wonderful endowments. Her mountains, moors, mists, horizons, "beck's," and torrents are not dazzling catalogues of epithets, but are made to stand out before us in clear vision. We select almost at random a spring landscape: "April advanced to May. A bright serene May it was; days of blue sky, placid sunshine, and soft western and southern gales filled up its duration. And now vegetation matured with vigor. Lewood shook loose its tresses; it became all green, all flowery; its great elm, oak, and ash skeletons were restored to majestic life; woodland plants sprung up profusely in its recesses; unnumbered varieties of moss filled its hollows; and it made a strange ground-sunshine out of the wealth of its wild primrose plants; I have seen their pale gold gleam, in overshadowed spots like scatterings of the sweetest lusters."

No one knew better than Currer

Bell the measure, bearings and limits of her capacities; no one had less of the arrogance of universal genius. "I can not," she says, "write books handling the great topics of the day; it is of no use trying. Nor can I write a book for its moral. Nor can I take up a philanthropic scheme, though I honor philanthropy; and voluntarily and sincerely vail my face before such a mighty theme as that handled in Mrs. Beecher Stowe's work, "Uncle Tom's Cabin." To manage these great matters rightly, they must be long and practically studied; their bearings known intimately, and their evils felt genuinely; they must not be taken up as a business matter and a trading speculation."

Let us hope that in the great reckoning to which this gifted woman was so suddenly called, she was enabled to account to the Master for the wonderful talents with which he had entrusted her, and to enter upon that inheritance which, in the sorrowful days of her pilgrimage, she had loved to style "the *Great Hope*."

ALWAYS FINDING FAULT.

SOME people can not live without finding fault. No matter what subject, or person, comes up in the course of conversation, they start some frivolous objection, or make some censorious remark. Instead of trying to be in charity with their neighbors, they take malicious pleasure in speaking evil about them. They obstinately shut their eyes to good qualities, while they employ microscopes to discover and magnify evil ones; and afterward they torture language to exaggerate what they have seen, so as to depreciate as much as possible. They do not, however, always speak out boldly; but they deal in innuendoes, in hints, and in ominous shakes of the head. Instead of frankly assailing in front, they assassinate behind the back. Practically, they persuade others that all men are so evil, that there is not

even a chance of reform. Even in acts incontestably good, they pretend to find latent selfishness. They spend their lives in defiling human nature, like the foul Yahoos whom the satirist has depicted. To believe them, there are none virtuous but themselves; all the rest of mankind being knaves, brutes, or devils.

The proverbial fault-finder little thinks that, in censuring so maliciously and indiscriminately, he is only painting his own portrait. It is a secret consciousness of his demerits, a gnawing rage at the superiority of others, which is the real cause of his want of charity, the principal inducement to his abuse. His own heart is the mirror from which he describes mankind. The best men have been those invariably who spoke the most kindly of their race. The great Type of all manhood, whose perfect humanity is the admiration even of Pagans and Atheists, ever spoke in benignant terms, having charity even for "publicans and sinners." It is to His precepts that we owe the great doctrine of human brotherhood. In the ideal of the fallen Lucifer, we have, on the contrary, the incarnation of malice, hate, slander, ill-will, and all evil speaking. As the One is said to have come to bring "peace and good-will to men," so the other first defiled the fair creation with strife, and sowed "war among the hosts of heaven." We never hear a professed fault-finder, but our thoughts recur to his type. We never listen to the beneficent language of one who is in charity with his race, without feeling that he is advancing more and more to "the perfect man."

"A MAN discovered America, but a woman equipped the voyage." So everywhere: man executes the performance, but woman trains the man. Every effectual person, leaving his mark on the world, is but another Columbus, for whose furnishing some Isabella, in the form of his mother, lays down her jewelry, her vanities, her comfort.

A FAIR SPIRIT AND A FAIR COMPLEXION.

BY MRS. E. M. GUTHRIE.

"LIZZIE, let me never again see you out without your bonnet. Your complexion will be ruined before Fall at this rate, and you must learn to be more careful."

"But, mother, the bird would have been lost had I waited for my bonnet. In a moment more he would have flown over Mr. Hazleton's yard to the river, and likely as not been drowned as was poor little Lillie the other day."

"I should have been sorry if the bird had been lost, but I should regret much more to see my Lizzie with sun-burned shoulders, and face brown as a gipsy. Girls of your age are so thoughtless! They can not realize the *lasting* effects of *seemingly trifling causes*. I know one Fannie Mason whose complexion was fair as your own, but from one summer's imprudence, always forgetting her bonnet when she ran out of doors, her skin became so darkened that she never outgrew that summer's sun-burn."

Had Lizzie's mother been better versed in physiology she might have seen other causes for the change in Fannie Mason's complexion, for there are other habits beside being out-of-doors without a bonnet that will spoil the skin; such as eating unwholesome food, breathing bad air, and other things of the kind.

Lizzie Lamphere was a very pretty miss of fourteen years, with bright hazel eyes, flowing brown hair, and a complexion unusually pure and brilliant. She had also a sweet and loving disposition, but her vanity, aroused by the unsuppressed admiration of her friends, was nourishing a degree of selfishness that sometimes made her forgetful of the comfort of those around her.

As she stood near the door, her pretty singer, Fairy, panting from his flight, perched upon her wrist, and his handsome prison-house swinging from

the fingers of her other hand, Lizzie's father entered.

"Lizzie, my child, you have just now committed a very rude action, and I am deeply grieved to see you so thoughtless."

Lizzie, in her extreme concern for the pet-bird, had hastened across the street, then through a neighboring yard and garden to secure him. In the eagerness of her pursuit, fearing that his fate might repeat that of the luckless Lillie, she had become so absorbed in the one thought of rescuing Fairy, that when he was once secure, she bounded gaily back to report her good fortune. A little girl was passing at the time with a basket of strawberries, but Lizzie in her heedlessness brushing past the child, the berries were all emptied on the walk. This Miss Lamphere was too much absorbed to notice, and for this her father reproved her. She was annoyed at the mingled reproof of both parents. Herself so happy that the bird was safe, she did not wish to think of any thing else, and to receive in place of the sympathy she had anticipated, blame, for what she regarded as trifling misdemeanors, was too much, and she passionately burst into tears.

"Lizzie was so much rejoiced at the rescue of her bird that she brushed against the child without knowing it," interposed the mother.

"I should have been very sorry to lose the bird, but nothing I think could more sorely grieve me than this thoughtless act toward one less favored than yourself, my Lizzie," said Mr. Lamphere, taking his daughter's hand within his own.

Lizzie thought many rebellious thoughts which she would like to have uttered, but she only strove to disengage her hand which her father retained with gentle firmness.

"Come with me to the window, Lizzie," said her father; "see the poor child gathering the fruit from the dusty pavement. Could you be thus heroic under misfortune?"

Then Mr. Lamphere told his daugh-

ter of the death of this child's father, of the illness of her mother, and that he had been told that she took care of her poor mother with the fortitude of a woman.

"These berries," said he, "she was doubtless taking home as a rare treat to her darling parent."

Lizzie, half pettishly, yet half yielding to a better mood, had gone to the window, and there she saw the patient, care-worn face of the little girl, bending over her scattered treasure, her thin fingers brushing the dirt from each berry as she gathered them from off the ground. This touched the tenderness of her nature. Throwing her arms around her father's neck, the tears rendered now brilliant the smile on her face as she whispered:

"Father, I am sorry for my rudeness."

With a step quite as eager, and an expression of countenance far more lovely than while returning in triumph with the bird, she hastened to the side of the child.

"Forgive me, little girl, for upsetting your basket. I was so glad that I had caught my birdie, that I saw or thought of nothing else. Do n't stop to pick these berries from the dirty walk. Come with me to my own little strawberry-bed, and I will fill your basket with fresh ones."

The child looked up with a wondering glance, hardly prepared to believe the elegant young miss sincere in addressing one so humble as herself in a manner at once so free and kind.

Little Carrie Norton, for this was the poor little girl's name, had suffered the loss of her berries without a murmur, only a softer shade of sadness passed over her pale brow. One who observed closely, however, could see that it was hard for her to keep the tears down, for the day was exceedingly warm, and she was very weary; and the thought of her sick mother haunted her unceasingly. Any affectionate evidence of kindly feeling from any save her mother, was, alas! so rare a thing, that Lizzie's words were

like the sun's heat to a tender plant long shut away from light. The strained energies of the child yielded to intense emotion. Her agitation was so great that Lizzie almost carried her, sobbing into the yard.

Oh! what a thrill of pleasure swept like a strain of music through Lizzie's soul as she supported Carrie's little figure! The beautiful intuition which ever springs up with a strongly generous impulse, made Lizzie's voice eloquent to the little stranger as she led her into the house and gave her "a cup of cold water," and then took her into the garden to gather berries from her own vines.

Lizzie's father watched all that passed with intense interest, and he felt that the pain he had experienced from the thoughtlessness of his daughter was more than atoned for, for he now beheld an earnest *beauty of heart* that he had feared she might not possess.

That afternoon Lizzie and her father were led by the little girl to her home that they might learn of her mother's wants, but they were soon convinced that Carrie would ere long be without a mother; but a young and gentle hand was entrusted with a new ministration above that humble couch. The cooling draught to the parched lips, the soft hand to the death-cold brow, the warm words of sympathy fresh from the newly-opened fountain of love in that young breast served to brighten "the valley of the shadow of death."

When sitting beside the sick-bed, Lizzie would recall the flight of little Fairy, and she felt that angels must have guided his frail wings, so beautiful was the mission he had opened in her pathway; for if she had not in her eagerness upset the basket of berries, this rock of disinterested devotion from whence flowed such sweet water in the wilderness of her self-love had not been struck.

Often in after years, as with arms entwined about each other Lizzie and Carrie walked together, this event

would recur to them. Lizzie would think of her two misdemeanors — her running out without her bonnet, and her upsetting the strawberries. As the words of her mother echoed in her ears, "Girls of your age are so thoughtless — they know not the *lasting effect of trifling causes*," she would exclaim: "Oh, how much darker, how much more really ineffaceable would have been the shade upon my spirits, dear Carrie, had I treated my rudeness to you as a trifling matter, than could have been the sun-burn that defaced the beauty of Fannie Mason. Oh, let me possess a true and gentle heart, rather than the external beauty of a Cleopatra!"

ROCKTON, ILL.

THE WIFE'S REPLY.

BY RUTH BUCK.

THOU askest me what offerings bright
From climes beyond the sea,
Thou mayest collect with loving pride,
To lavish upon me?

I seek not costly gems to grace
My brow: thou say'st 't is fair;
And if it be, why, love, should I
Thy glance with jewels share?

Why speakest thou of Orient pearls
To lay upon my breast?
I have a treasure dearer far,
And fitter there to rest:

Thy child and mine my bosom claims,
Thereon repose to seek,
And all the pearls the ocean hides
Are worthless near his cheek.

And when upon his face I gaze,
With rapture there I see,
What pearls or diamonds could not yield —
A likeness, love, of thee.

Speak then no more of things like these;
When thou com'st home again,
The joy of seeing thee will make
All other treasures vain.

But if thou would'st that joy increase,
I'll gladly tell thee how —
Bring, bring me back thy heart again
As much my own as now!

COMMON-PLACE PEOPLE.

THE very good and the very bad among mankind, albeit they form the ordinary humanity of most novels, are rare in actual life. If we descend from the heights of rose-colored romance to the sober gray valley of this work-a-day world, we shall find that there is generally some saving-clause of good in the wicked, some fault or failing in the virtuous, to redeem the one from absolute atrocity, and the other from complete perfection. There is happily a medium between all extremes, and human beings are not half of them guileless lambs, and the other half exultant wolves ready to pounce upon them, as romancists would have us believe. Moreover, even the modified heroes and villains of real life form but a very small portion of the world's *dramatis personæ*. The vast body of mankind consist of those who are neither detestably bad nor admirably good; overwhelming clever, or pitifully stupid — of the *common-place*, in a word. It is they who leaven society, as it were, and render it of a due consistency; it is they who act as the chorus to the drama, the background to the picture, and who, though not heroic themselves, are necessary adjuncts to the heroism of others.

It is wisely ordered thus, and the more so that all these supernumeraries in the great drama of life have little dramatic episodes of their own, whereof they individually are the heroes and heroines. No one is insignificant to himself; and the most common-place being in the world would assuredly be the last person to suspect the small degree of his own value in the social scale. On the contrary, your ordinary sort of man generally believes himself to be a Napoleon, a Shakspeare, or a Newton, according as his tastes and pursuits are military, literary, or scientific. Often, too, the world is partially deluded into the same belief; for it is a credulous world in some respects; and when it sees a man holding implicit faith in himself,

it is very apt to appraise him by his own standard. It is astonishing to think of the number of people who are held to be wonderfully clever, not to say geniuses, simply on the strength of their personal conviction that they are so. They have never done any thing to prove it — never will probably; but they have the benefit of the *prestige* now, and will carry it with them even to the grave. Did any one ever know a doctor who was *not* termed “a remarkably skillful man?” or a lawyer, who was not accounted a shrewd, talented fellow? or a clergyman, who was not pronounced to be either most eloquent or most excellent by a sufficient number of individuals to constitute a public? In fact, if we might believe in all the opinions we hear, talent is the rule, and want of it the exception, in this present age. Men and women of intellect are the common-place; the only moderately intelligent and the stupid are the few — the *raræ aves*.

But we — you and I, reader — don't believe all we hear, and we know better of what calibre of humanity the various classes of the common-place are actually composed. We know, too, how often “the world” — principally made up of those very classes, we remember — is mistaken in its judgments, as to who are, and who are not common-place people. We have marked numerous instances when it has done honor to the daw in peacock's feathers, and when, to carry out the ornithological comparison, it has neglected or deposed the nightingale, because it was so brown and homely a bird to look at. Was it not only the other evening, at Mrs. Ormolu's dinner-party, that Mr. Jones, after conversing through one course and a half with his left-hand neighbor, pronounced him in an aside to the lady on his right, one of the dullest, most inane, and most common-place individuals? And was not Mr. Jones put to the blush when he was informed that his dull and inane acquaintance was the world-renowned artist, whose pictures are

known, admired, and prized by all Europe? Be more cautious another time, Mr. Jones, in forming your opinion of strangers, and, for your reputation's sake, be less precipitate in expressing it when formed. Do not again judge a man's intellect after half an hour's conversation with him, particularly at a dinner-party. Perhaps it requires not a large intellect, but a little one, to constitute the stock in trade of the sayer in smart things and agreeable nothings, who is so valuable an adjunct to assemblies, and who is pronounced "a most clever, pleasant person" by Mr. Jones and others.

"Appearances are deceitful," says the school-copies. It is to be feared that the round-text moralities of the writing-master make but a small impression on the minds of youth, or that it soon wears off; for when boys grow to man's estate, they are apt to run exactly counter to the excellent advice contained in those pithy little sentences. How many people of our acquaintance do *not* judge from appearances? Let a man quote from one or two abstruse books, interlard his conversation with Latin and Greek, comb his hair but seldom, and shave less frequently, and he will find a sufficient number of persons quite ready to admire him as the wisest, most erudite of men. In the same way, a man who dresses well, speaks with respectful regard for Lindley Murray, and does not outarge the *bienséances*, is considered and denominated a *gentleman*. Well, perhaps after all, it is a wise world to be so credulous! If the outside is fair, let us be content with *that*, without seeking to look deeper. Let us believe in the talent of one person, the amiability of another, just as we do in the solidity of our rose-wood tables. Let us banish the consciousness that they are only veneered, and that if we cut into the wood, we shall find that the polish does not extend beyond the surface. At any rate, I, who am an unappreciated, and therefore a cynical being, have resolved to do so for the future.

But *revenons a nos moutons* — that is to say to our common-place people. As I have indicated, I hope, by the foregoing anecdote of Jones, the balance is kept tolerably even. If one set of people are over-rated, the really talented, the unquestionably superior, are often treated very shabbily by that great autocrat, public opinion. I myself am thought little of by ordinary minds. As I have said, the world is principally made up of common-place people, and it naturally seeks its heroes from among its peers, *Parmi les aveugles les borgnes sont rois*. People with two eyes have no chance.

However, I will add, for I like to be impartial — that my wife, who is of a more genial temperament than I am, takes altogether another view of the subject. She thinks (I put it into elegant language for her, as she is not literary) that common-placeism *per se* does not exist. Everybody is interesting to one or two others in the world; for instance, every man who has a mother has some one to admire and love him — to think him a hero or a sage — most handsome, most clever, or most excellent in some way. He is never common-place to *her*. Moreover, my wife declares her belief, confirmed by observation, that if we could thoroughly understand the idiosyncrasy, or be made intimately acquainted with the *lives* of even those people we ourselves are apt to decry as common-place, we should be sure to find special individualities, both of thought, and feeling, and action, to redeem them from the character. Therefore, she triumphantly concludes, since the world's common-place people are *my* heroes, and my common-place people are very often God's heroes and heroines — where are we to find absolutely common-place.

I am to remember, she says, my old-bachelor cousin Harte, whom I always used to wonder at, as the most perfect specimen of human clock-work, wound up to go to the bank daily, write there for six hours, and return to his lodgings — and who couldn't do any thing

else, I verily believed, except potter about the back garden of his lodgings, read the newspaper, and cut out a man with a cocked hat, in card-board to amuse the children, when he came to us to tea. Well, how was I to know that all the time he might have been put into a book as an example of constancy, courage, and all that sort of thing? I hardly knew that such a person as Anna Lyle existed, much less that they had loved each other ever since they were boy and girl together. But they were both poor, and Anna had a helpless father dependent on her for support; so they both worked on, loved one another, and had patience. They were middle aged before they married. Yes, I remember I *was* astonished when Harte quietly introduced his wife to us, and for the first time I noticed something in his face. In fact, I've not thought him at all common-place since.

I confess, also, that I never thought much about little Charlotte Selby — one of Selby the merchant's three daughters. Her elder sister was the more accomplished, and the younger was far handsomer. She appeared to me a very ordinary kind of medium, in age, looks, and abilities. I never should have suspected her of the quiet energy, the sense and courage she displayed when her father failed and the family were reduced to poverty and privation. She was the mainstay and support of all the rest through the whole trying time that the broken-down merchant was struggling with difficulties. The clever sister made money by her pen; the handsome one, who had married brilliantly, helped the fallen family, as she should; but I admit at once that I admire and respect little Charlotte far beyond either the authoress or the beauty, though they are both good women in their way.

Further, I am reminded — but my wife's examples would be endless. I shall name no more. I submit to her so far as to her own, that there may be plenty more Hartes and Charlottes

among my common-place acquaintances, even among those that I grumble at when they are invited to tea, and call "limpets" and "pumpany." Yes, yes, any thing and every thing she says is true, no doubt.

I deny nothing — and I shall not go over my own case again. Judge between us, oh reader, and decide for thyself upon this knotty question.

COLD FEET.

NOTHING is more inducive of pulmonary disease than cold feet. Cold feet can not possibly occur if the circulation is properly kept up. A sense of coldness in them is an indication that they are not sufficiently protected by clothing. Our bodies are often overburdened with overcoats and wrapping-shawls, while our limbs are but imperfectly covered. Now there is nothing more dangerous than allowing the feet to become damp and cold. Health requires that they should always be kept warm and dry. It is better to pay the tailor and shoemaker, and hosier, for preventing your health, than to pay the doctor for curing you after you are ill.

Recall some of your past experience, and you will soon discover that two-thirds of the colds you have suffered from were produced by getting cold and wet feet. The Indians understood this fully. In their wigwams they always laid down with their feet toward the fire. When they were traveling in cold weather, and are compelled to open air, they dig a hole in the earth, in the center of which they build a fire, and then lie down in a circle, each one hanging his legs into the hole. In this custom they have the simple guidance of experience.

WE must walk through life as through the Swiss mountains, where a hasty word may bring down an avalanche.

WALTER GORDON.

BY JAS. O. PERCIVAL.

I.

IT was a wild, wild night. Out of doors a fierce winter wind howled around the housetops, ever and anon giving some ill-confined gate or shutter a sullen slam, and now making tall trees to bend as it whistled its dismal songs through their leafless branches. Truly it *was* a wild, wild night, and the very elements seemed in their wild hoarse howling to be chanting a discordant requiem to the dying year.

Far down in a dark and lonely valley, away from the brightly lighted homes and shops, where no friendly lamp stood to guide the feet into the truest path, stood an old dilapidated house. Time had evidently done its work upon it, for but few of the windows were perfect, and the loose clapboards kept up a noisy clatter in the stormy night-wind. Outside, the building was a ruinous object to behold, and inside the prospect was no more inviting. The room was small, and scantily, very scantily furnished. In one corner lay a rude pallet of straw, honored with the title of "bed," while an old cracked stove, a rough pine table, a chest, and a few old chairs constituted the remaining furniture of the room. Two persons only seemed in the room. Both were females—one seemingly in the prime of her life; the other hardly out of her teens, yet both showing plainly the marks of want and poverty.

"Jane," spoke the eldest, breaking the silence, in a weak, feeble voice, "don't work any longer to-night. Hear!" she said, "it's eight now;" and as she spoke, the deep, ringing tones of some city clock told loudly the hour.

"Yes, yes!" answered the one addressed as Jane, "I will in a minute or two when I've finished this piece," and again a silence prevailed, broken only by the rapid flying of the needle.

"Jane," said the voice again, when at last the girl's task had been laid

aside, "it's just a twelvemonth to-night since the news came, the bad news, Jane, that was our New Year's gift;" and as the woman spoke, she turned her eyes mournfully toward a portrait hanging upon the wall. It was a picture of one seemingly in the very pride of his manhood. The features were open and frank, the hair glossily black and curly, while the wide open collar and blue-spotted neck handkerchief showed evidences of a seaman's hand. Long gazed the woman at the picture, until tear after tear chased each other down her pale wan cheek, and sigh after sigh escaped her bosom.

"Oh, Mary! Mary!" said the other compassionately, "don't mourn. The bad news *may* be untrue, although if it is not, we should bear in mind that it is God's will, and not complain. So, Mary, don't weep, for the New Year's gift may at last be found to be a false one." She stopped suddenly, but immediately added in a lower tone, and fervently, "God grant that it may be."

"No, no, Jane," answered the older one, "you're wrong; something tells me so. He'll never come back—no, never."

"It may be so, Mary, but I hope and pray not. Don't you remember what he himself used to tell us—'It's ever the darkest just before day?' We've been in the dark long, Mary, and it *does* look gloomy ahead, but I feel that the morning for us will break soon—very soon."

Walter Gordon, whose portrait, hanging upon the wall of the wretched home into which we have just looked, was the only sign of "better times" the room contained, was a sailor, who, years before, had left home and family to buffet gale and tempest in search of wealth. The voyage was a long and dangerous one, but the hope of accruing by it an easy competence which might enable him to pass the remainder of his days in the midst of a happy and loved family circle, caused him to forget all its dangers. His

ship sailed, and for a time his anxious family often heard from him, but at length all tidings suddenly ceased for a time, and then the "bad news" came, which said that the proud ship had sank in mid ocean, and all of the noble crew found a watery grave. It was a terrible blow to Mary Gordon, but for a time she bore it bravely, hoping and praying that the news might prove untrue, but no contradicting tale came back, and at length her last hope faded and was gone. Misfortunes, they say, seldom come single, and so it proved in her case, for hardly had the "bad news" been received, before all her little property was taken from her by the designing lawyer, in whose hands Walter Gordon had left it. Bowing under these misfortunes, Mary Gordon seemed almost heart-broken. Such was the state of things when our little story opened.

II.

LAWYER Budd sat in his little office. A confirmed old bachelor, he usually slept in a small room adjoining it, getting his meals at some down-town restaurant. It was the last night of the year, and he held in his hand a sort of schedule of his year's affairs, the "footing up" of which he frequently viewed with great complacency.

"Ten thousand," he muttered to himself; "that is n't des'put bad for a pretty tight sort of a year;" and Mr. Budd having thus delivered himself, settled his chin in his collar, crossed his legs, and began whistling a non-descript sort of an air with great apparent satisfaction. "Let's see," he said again after a pause; "that Gordon estate settled up pretty richly for me, yes, and the Hitchcock and Jones estate wound up tol'bly, not bad by any means." The lawyer suddenly stopped, and a troubled expression passed over his face. "What if that Gordon should turn up after all," he muttered, as he rose and nervously paced up and

down the room; "would n't I be in a —"

A loud knock upon his office door interrupted his soliloquy, and his face turned red, then pale as he threw open the door. A stranger, or one who seemed a stranger, entered. He was of medium size, rather thick set, with dark curling hair, and a rich and lustrous eye black as jet, which he fastened full upon the trembling lawyer.

"Mr. Budd, I believe?" he said, as he helped himself to a seat near the fire.

"The same, and at your service, sir," returned the questioned one.

"So far so good," said the stranger; "I thought this was the place, though I hadn't seen it before in several years. It's proper cold out, ain't it?"

"Yes! 't is quite coolish that's a fact," answered the lawyer uneasily. "Do you reside in the place?"

"I did once, but have not been in it for several years before to-night."

"Traveling, eh?" suggested the lawyer.

"Traveling — yes, or wandering rather all over the globe, with no chance to see home or friends until now. Traveling — yes, indeed, I *have* been traveling, on a long, long journey."

Lawyer Budd moved nervously in his chair, for the thought of who the stranger might be seemed to make him uncomfortable.

"Then you *have* lived here before?" he continued, the color leaving his face as he spoke.

"Oh, yes! certainly I have. I only went away to follow my chosen vocation, leaving behind me dear ones in the care of one who, taking advantage of the rumor that I was lost at sea, showed himself a hollow-hearted rascal by robbing, yes, robbing coolly and deliberately those unprotected ones of their earthly all." The stranger seemed to grow excited as he spoke, gazing at the same time fiercely into the lawyer's face.

Lawyer Budd was violently agitated, and paced rapidly up and down the

office, stopping at length suddenly before the seeming stranger, he demanded his name.

"My name, sir," he answered, promptly yet politely, "is WALTER GORDON, and let me tell you now, that if you do not before to-morrow night make full and complete reparation for your infamy to those whom you have wronged, I will make you feel the strong arm of the law if there is any such in the land."

He rose as he spoke preparatory to leaving, and when he had finished, left the office, leaving the excited and discomfited lawyer to the quiet of his own reflections.

"This is a very interesting state of things I should think," he muttered to himself, as the door closed upon his unwelcome visitor. "Just got it all fixed and settled square, and who should pop up but him, the dog. Well, I'm headed this time anyway, and I do n't s'pose there's any use growling 'bout it now. I'll play the honest game now, and make reparation, as he calls it; but never mind, I'll be up with him yet — I will if I live;" and comforting himself with these words, he sat down by a little table to fill out the papers requisite in placing Walter Gordon's property in their hands.

All this, kind reader, was years ago, for experience in the ways of the world has taught the scheming lawyer the truth of the school-boy's plain motto, "Cheating never prospers," and to-day you might go far before finding a more honest man than Reuben Budd. But let us return to the wretched home in the alley.

* * * * *

Wearily the night wore on. Outside, the wind had increased to a tempest, and howled more wildly than ever. In the house the thin dip candle had burnt itself down, flickered, and gone out. The few red and dying embers in the old cracked stove had faded slowly and turned to ashes, and there they sat, sister and wife, waiting for something, they knew not what.

"There's a knock at the door, Jane."

Wearily the girl rose up, and flung open the door. The night was dark, fearfully dark, but an uncertain gleam of moonlight showed a strange form standing upon the threshold.

"Will you come in?" said Mary Gordon, who, unperceived, had followed to the door. Could she have seen the stranger's face as she spoke, his flushed cheek, and upturned eye, she might have wondered as to his mission, but the thick murky darkness shut it from her view.

Walter Gordon — for the stranger was no other than he — for a moment did not answer, but stepping near to his questioner, folded her to his bosom in one long, loving embrace; and as the winds blew wildly, and the bells told loudly the departure of the old, and the incoming of the New Year, could be heard the woman's voice:

"Oh Walter! Walter! thank God you've come at last."

III.

"So they told you that the Dolly'd gone down with all on board, did they?" said Walter Gordon.

They were seated, not in the desolate and ruinous home where we last left them, but in a warm comfortable apartment. There was no lamp in the room, but a grate full of glowing coals, diffused through the apartment a genial warmth, shedding at the same time a subdued light upon the brightly polished furniture, and gleaming cheerily upon the contented and joyous faces of the little household group.

"Yes, Walter," answered Mary Gordon, "that is what they told us; but thank God, it was not so. We were in the dark as Janie said a long time, but out of the gloomiest hour came the brightest morning. As you used to say, so we found it, 'It is ever the darkest just before day.'"

BUFFALO, 1857.

WALTHAM BOND; OR, THE COPIED DAGUERRETYPE.

BY MRS. H. F. G. AREY.

CHAPTER I.

IT was the twenty-second of February. The flags from many a roof and cornice flung out their musty folds to the cool breeze with a flouting sound, like a sudden shout of triumph. The sleigh-bells mingled their near or far-off ching-a-ring through the streets, and the gay crowds dashed past, with bright ribbons fluttering on the air, and merry tones echoing on every side. A very young man clothed in plain but well-kept garments, had paused for a moment at the corner of the street to watch the gay panorama that was sweeping past him. And as he looked, his eye and his nostril dilated, and there came upon his lip a curve in which the trace of bitterness was just perceptible. But it was only for a moment that this expression was allowed to linger, and he turned hastily down a side street expostulating with himself.

"It is not right," he said; "I know it is not right, this restive murmuring at our fate. But how comfortable I could make my mother with a tithe of what they are spending on these follies to-day. She says God orders it wisely for us all. I know; but how hard it is to feel it so sometimes. Little by little I must gain, patiently as the ant does. It will be very long before I can relieve her from wearing toil, or furnish any thing more than the bare necessities of life for her and our sweet Kitty. I fear I lack courage to struggle with my fate. How shall I be strong when I am away from her? And my father, how much he strove to teach me to have courage in the midst of adversity. How strong he was through all his trials, and how sure always that the day would dawn upon the darkest night. I will ask her for his portrait to take with me, and I will keep it by me always to strengthen and encourage me when this heart-sickness comes."

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And the young man mounted two at a time the stairs that led to the neat but narrow apartment where his mother had made her home. She was stooping over a trunk as he entered, and a glance showed its small compass nearly filled with nicely-packed clothing and books.

"Oh, mother!" exclaimed Waltham; "I did not wish you to spend your precious time in doing this, dear mother; I could do it very well myself after my out-of-door matters were arranged. You have had so much to do for me already."

"I was happy to do it for you, my son," she said, rising, with a smile on her pale thin face; and smoothing back his bright hair from his forehead, she pressed upon it such a kiss as only a mother's lips can give. "It is pleasant to know that every thing that I could furnish for your outfit was here, and it will make you think of me the more when you are far from me. We have finished every thing but this," she added, pointing to the lounge where "sweet Kitty" was lying, striving to finish the button-holes of a linen coat which was to furnish him for his traveling and summer dress.

"Do n't do it, Kitty," said her brother, taking it out of her hand. "You are not well enough to work. I can make a button-hole."

"I can take it now," said his mother, seating herself in her accustomed chair. "I have finished the packing, and poor Kitty is hardly as well as usual to-day."

"I have one favor more to ask, dear mother," said Waltham, seating himself beside her, and detaining her hand a moment to fondle it in his own. "I would like my dear father's daguerreotype, to take with me; I feel so discouraged sometimes, and it will strengthen me to look at his calm resolute face. Can you spare it for me? But, no, mother, I will not take it," he added hastily; for, accustomed as he was to read the changes on her features, he could not but see the expression of pain which his request had

caused. "I was very wrong not to know that you would need it more than I."

"I think we could have it copied, my son," said Mrs. Bond, after a few moments of sad thought.

"Oh no, mother, we can not afford that," said Waltham hastily. "I shall come back to you after a few years;" but his voice sunk as the weary length of those years was suggested to his mind; "and then we can all possess it."

"I think I can see a way that I can manage it," said the mother, still musingly; "you do not go out till to-morrow evening's train, and it will leave time to have it taken in the morning. Two dollars will probably pay for it."

"It is too much," said Waltham; "you have spent much more than I was willing you should spend for me already. The memory of the dear home I have left will make me always strong." And he rose up to hide the emotion that had almost mastered him, and occupied himself among the many little tasks that were to be accomplished before his departure.

There was a dimness in the mother's eye that multiplied many times the thread she was stitching into the button-hole. She was thinking of the little pearl pin — almost the only thing that remained from the trinkets of her girlhood. Yes, she could part with that for the sake of gratifying her son in his wish to have the features of his father always near. It was a bridal gift from an uncle she had loved, but she had parted with many little valuables that were just as dear, and she would part with this.

She had nursed her husband through weary years of sickness, and now it was something more than a year since she had seen the dear form laid away from her sight beneath the drifts of winter. Since then she had struggled along with the scant strength and scantier means that were left her, until the increasing prices for the commonest necessities of life, and the frail health of her daughter, had warned

her that something must be done more than they had yet been able to do. A former friend of his father's, had offered to Waltham in one of the thriving towns of the far west, a more promising situation than he could procure at home, and with many misgivings she had given her consent that he should go — misgivings, because of the temptations which would beset him among the loose customs of the region to which he was going. True she had strong confidence in his integrity, but those most hoped and prayed for had often fallen, and there were many fears mingled with the sad thoughts of the widow in this first parting with her only son.

CHAPTER II.

"Affliction is the wholesome soil of virtue,
Where patience, honor, sweet humanity,
Calm fortitude, take root and strongly flourish."

"Who has not known ill fortune, never knew
Himself on his own virtue."

ALFRED.

My cousins were going east, having delayed their visit a few days that they might join in the festivities of the twenty-second of February. And though none of our family joined in these festivities, we had been waiting for the same day to pass; for my mother, who had spent the last year with me, was to take this opportunity of returning to her own home in Connecticut. Their departure was fixed for the twenty-fourth, and on the morning of the twenty-third, which was a bright, clear wintry morning — an excellent one for our purpose — she accompanied me to a daguerrean gallery that I might obtain a good portrait of her before she left. I had no good picture of her, and she had never looked more beautiful to me than she did now at the age of fifty, with the mellow sunshine of autumn ripening her features.

Three or four sitters were already in the room when we entered, and we sat looking over the "bijouterie" on the table, until in a short time the

room was emptied of all the waiting company, with the exception of a single individual and ourselves. The artist now came forward blandly from the curtains, where he had dismissed the last sitter, and bowing and rubbing his hands, asked me if I would sit for my portrait. But the other occupant of the room, who had evidently been waiting with some impatience for her turn to come, approached us and said in a clear, lady-like voice:

"I believe it is my turn now, and my time is very precious."

The artist took no notice of the remark, but with a continuance of his bland smile, indicated that we with our velvet cloaks and furs were to have the preference. But when he saw that we waited for him to reply to the last speaker, he turned and said very bluffly:

"Yours is only a copy — it can be done at any time."

"It is, as I told you, for my son, who leaves me to-night, and I must wait for it," she persisted.

She had thrown up the veil that finished her scant mourning, and exhibited in worn features what had certainly been a most noble specimen of womanhood. She had probably never been beautiful, but she was very attractive, and the gray tinge of the crape with which her mantilla was bordered could take away nothing from the look of refinement there was about her.

"If this lady was here first," said I, "we have no right to take her place. We will wait till our turn comes."

The artist was evidently disconcerted, but with a bow and an attempt at the same smile, he took the picture from which he was to copy, and retired behind the curtain. In a marvelously short space of time he re-appeared, and presented to her the two cases, at the same time naming two dollars and a half as his price.

"I think you told me two dollars," said she firmly, at the same time opening the new daguerreotype.

"Well, perhaps I did; two dollars then," said he roughly.

"This is not a good picture, sir," said the woman.

"What fault have you to find with it?" asked he.

"A great deal, sir," said she, not at all awed by his sharp way of speaking. "In the first place it is very obscure. Some parts can scarcely be seen."

"I think you are mistaken, ma'am," said he, taking it from her; "I can see it well enough."

"Perhaps so," she replied, with a slight quiver on her lip at the implied sarcasm, "but I can not. It must be distinct in order to be satisfactory," and she was rising up to go.

"No one can find any fault with that picture," said he returning it to her.

"I will leave it to the judgment of these ladies," said she, handing us both the original picture and its copy.

"Perhaps their time is precious as well as yours," said he, evidently ill-pleased to have our judgment in the matter.

But his remonstrance was of no avail; we already had the pictures in our hands and were examining them. The copy, as she had declared, was a miserable apology for a daguerreotype, but the original was a fine picture of a fine-looking man. My mother's attention was immediately attracted by it, and she took it from my hand and held it out in a new light.

"Very fine," she exclaimed in answer to my assertion that it was a fine face; "I should think it was the portrait of Waltham Bond."

"It is the portrait of Waltham Bond," said the widow, looking at her in surprise.

"Is it possible!" said my mother scanning her with a surprise quite equal to her own; "you know him then. I thought all trace of him was lost. Where is he?"

"He is dead," replied she, her already pale face shading away to the whiteness of the grave.

"Excuse my thoughtlessness," said

my mother, touched with her look of sorrow. "Perhaps you are his widow?"

"I am," said the clear, sad voice.

"And did they find him? Did he receive his fortune before he died? For a long time there was no clue to his whereabouts. They searched for him everywhere before his father's death."

"Is his father dead then?" asked the widow sinking back into her seat.

"Certainly; were you not aware of it? You have not received his inheritance then?"

At this moment the door opened and a young man made his appearance, whose face was an excellent, youthful copy of the portrait we had just been examining.

"Here is strange news for us, Waltham," said his mother in a trembling voice, as he approached her. "This lady tells me that your grandfather is dead, and—but perhaps there is some mistake about the rest."

"No mistake about the property," said my mother. "If you have not received it, there is one of the finest properties in Connecticut waiting for your acceptance."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed the young man grasping my mother's hand, "can this be so? Was my father at last forgiven?"

"Fully forgiven," said my mother, "and the last six months before your grandfather's death, the most anxious search was made for him. It was the old gentleman's last wish to see his son once more. His property was left to your father or his heirs, and search was to be made for them for fifteen years. If they were not then found, the estate was to go to various charities."

"Mother! mother!" cried the young man, springing toward her and supporting her as she fell half fainting.

"If he could but have known it," she sobbed, "it would have saved his life. It may save my poor Kitty now. Let us go home my son."

"My carriage is at the door," I suggested, "you are hardly able to walk there now."

"I shall be very happy to give you another copy, if this does not please you," said the smiling and bowing artist, as Mrs. Bond took up her husband's picture from the table.

"It is no matter now," was the reply.

Leaving my mother to have her portrait taken during my absence, I took the widow and her son in my carriage to their own home, and learned as I went, some further particulars of their story. The father of Waltham Bond—a stern old man it seemed—had been so much displeased with his son's marriage into the family of a small mechanic, that he had disinherited him, and declared that he would never see or hear from him again. So firmly had he kept this resolution, that the letters his son addressed to him, when he found himself in embarrassed circumstances, were invariably returned unopened. And the son at last discouraged at any attempts at reconciliation, had removed West, and made no further effort to communicate with his family. His only brother had died subsequently, and his father's last days were embittered by the thought that the only heir of his large property could not be found, and it might have to go to strangers. This last fact I obtained afterward from my mother. Her journey east was delayed yet another day, and then there was an accession to their party in the family of Mrs. Bond. This is my story of the copied daguerreotype.

* * * * *

"But, Auntie," said one of the little group of listeners in aunt Rachel's parlor, "is n't Waltham Bond the same Squire Bond that lives in that beautiful place on the hill in C....?"

"Yes, the same," said aunt Rachel.

"And that pale woman who is so much beloved by every one, and so useful among the poor—that is his mother I suppose. I have seen her and knew that she lived there."

"Yes, that is his mother, and the hale and handsome Mrs. Townsend of the same place, is 'poor sweet Kitty,' who might long since have filled a

consumptive's grave, if the unfortunate circumstances in which she was reared, had continued. They are excellent people, and seem never in their wealth to have forgotten 'the sweet uses of adversity.'"

MY SUSQUEHANNA HOME.

IS there a spot in all the circle of our recollection upon which the mind delights to dwell, as much as the home of our childhood? Does any one remember of ever seeing hills as green, or flowers as lovely as those that adorned the play-grounds of his youth? The aged, with brow furrowed by time and care, ever revert with pleasure to the scenes and sports of youth, that many checkered years and scenes of thrilling interest have not effaced. It was my fortune, in childhood's merry days, to have a home in Pennsylvania, on the banks of the Susquehanna. 'Twas a quiet country place, and an old stone house, brown and queer, standing near the river's bank, constituted that long remembered institution—our childhood home. A lovely spot was that, lonely and sequestered as it was. The broad, blue water lay in front, and on the opposite shore, far as the eye could reach, an old gray mountain stood up boldly against the sky. An inexhaustible field of amusement was that river. In winter, its broad sheet of ice so tempting; and in summer, we could study the art of navigation, by paddling a canoe along the shore, or sit upon the bank and watch the noble steamers, as they came plunging down the river, and passed our home like a comet, leaving only a train of smoke, and a dark track in the waters behind. But the glory of that spot, was in the Indian summer days. Nothing could exceed the beauty of those hills, when autumn had just deepened the green of their mossy carpet, and thrown a richer shade on the crimson crest of the lofty trees.

Then, as the sun sank through the blue mist, and disappeared behind the

mountains, its golden rays would come beaming through their shaggy tops, and across the water, like wandering rays from some brighter sphere. The companion of all those happy days was a gentle brother, and together we explored the hills for miles around. We took the latitude of all the bird's-nests that our territory afforded, and counted all the rabbits that resided within a square mile.

Ten years passed away thus. Ten years we played along that river, or sailed over its bosom; and then he passed away. The little hands that rowed our boat were folded in everlasting rest, and a little willow on the river bank, shows where he sleeps. Thus it is with childhood's friends and associations. They pass, and give place to others, but are never forgotten.

I have seen New England's beauty, her little villages nestled among the hills, her splendid rivers and wild mountain scenery, and the summer landscapes of the South where flowers always bloom; but I never beheld a spot so lovely, where the air was so pure, and the sky so bright, as that home on the Susquehanna. SIGMA.

HAPPINESS OF WORKING MEN.—The situation or social position of the poor—and by that word we mean the laboring population—is by no means so deficient in comfort as many believe. "The mechanics," says Lord Byron, "and working classes who can maintain their families, are, in my opinion, the happiest body of men. Poverty is wretchedness; but it is, perhaps, to be preferred to the heartless, unmeaning dissipation of the higher orders." A popular author says, "I have no propensity to envy any one, least of all the rich and great; but if I were disposed to this weakness, the subject of my envy would be a healthy young man, in full possession of his health and faculties, going forth in the morning to work for his wife and children, or bringing them home his wages at night."

GEORGE MORETON'S MARRIAGE.

BY MISS M. A. RIPLEY.

"GEORGE Moreton married! I am as much surprised as if it were myself!"

I had taken up the evening paper, and was sitting by the open window, sheltered from the prying eyes of passers-by by the fragrant roses which clung to the lattice, and, as was my wont, had turned to the column wherein I had for the last dozen years, found recorded the obituary and marriage notices—the last, in my opinion, but a variation of the former. I saw the list headed, "Moreton—Howe," and I read the paragraph over and over again, for I was not credulous enough to believe its story at the first reading; and then I dropped the paper, and leaned my head back against the chair, and fell to musing as to what the charm might be, which had compelled my friend Moreton to renounce his old plans of perpetual bachelorship, and fetter himself with the care of a family. I remembered his fastidious notions as to what constituted an agreeable lady and attractive wife, and concluded Miss Emma Howe must have descended from an angelic sphere, very recently. I also called to mind his ideas of the necessity of an uncounted number of circular bits of yellow metal, ycleped dollars, to the continuation of connubial bliss, and felt certain the lady must be an heiress. I knew also his aversion to "marrying a whole family," in other words, to having brothers, sisters, aunts, and uncles; cousins first, second, and third, interesting themselves in the affairs of Mr. George Moreton, and exclaimed, "She must be an orphan!"—in which last conclusion I was correct.

In a day or two, a very neat envelop addressed to myself, was left at the door, and when I saw the enclosed wedding-card, I learned that the happy pair—I use a stereotyped phrase—were established at "No. 77 Linton Avenue." And then I bethought me that it must be at the cottage

left to Moreton by an old uncle, who had eschewed marriage, and who, even in his last illness, would have no woman about his house, but steadfastly required all services to be performed by an old gray-headed negro, who had followed him through all trial for more than thirty years. And the old man seemed really to love the ebony domestic, who presided over his kitchen arrangements, and humored his childish whims; and left him a comfortable house and a little garden, in which the old negro raised a few vegetables, and quite a variety of gaudy flowers—exercising his uncultivated African taste with no restraint whatever.

But the cottage was vacant after the uncle's death, and the rooms seemed desolate enough. It was far more pleasant in the garden, which owed its nicely-kept walks, and trim arbors, and clustering white and purple grapes, to the faithful care of the above mentioned African, who would insist that Mr. George Moreton would sometime bring a wife there; which proposition Mr. George Moreton would treat with dignified silence, or with a command for no more nonsense of that sort. At that time he really thought it *was* nonsense for him to think of marriage. He had too much regard for any one he might prefer for a wife, to say nothing of his love for himself, to venture his bark on the sea of wedded life, unless it were properly ballasted with gold. He could not think of happiness, unless it were accompanied by a degree of ease and luxury. "How then has George Moreton been induced to marry?" was a question which was continually in my mind, and which I was determined to solve.

I found myself one sweet Sabbath evening leisurely taking my way to Linton Avenue. Evidently I was in search of No. 77. I had that morning been very early in my seat at church—Moreton and myself occupied one pew—and had very kindly, as I thought, allowed my friend to pass in and sit next his wife. I had never shown him such attention before, rather

preferring the corner seat, which was very comfortable for a person with my somnolent habits. And Moreton begged me to call soon — that night — and become acquainted with his wife. "And," said he, just as the minister commenced his invocation, "I'll tell you all about it." I did not wait for an introduction when the service was closed, but hastened to my rooms, there to feel my bachelorship very lonely. Heretofore I had frequently taken Moreton home with me to dinner, and then we had spent the afternoon together. I managed to get through the day, and soon after tea, I started to pay my respects to the bride. I observed, as I passed through the garden, that the walks were carefully swept, and, as I glanced at the house, that the parlor windows were thrown open. The whole place had a more inviting, home-like aspect than formerly.

Moreton saw me and met me at the door. He grasped my hand with his old-fashioned heartiness, and taking my hat, led me to the parlor. After a formal introduction, which I wished were a great deal less ceremonious, for his wife was really beautiful — not the doll-like beauty which some fancy, but that of health, and intelligence, and cultivation combined — we commenced a very pleasant chat. I soon discovered that the lady was reared in the country, but having early in life lost her parents, had spent a large portion of her time in the neighboring city, where her taste in literature and art, had been abundantly gratified. It was entertaining to listen to her criticisms upon the works which had recently been on exhibition there. She had evidently read and thought much. Her national pride was a strong principle within her. Said she, "I wonder Americans do not support and encourage their own artists! If we find a painting is American, its value in our eyes is instantly lessened. Europeans do not thus undervalue home talent. If they discover a choice picture in our galleries, the first question

is, 'When did the artist come over?'" Well, the evening was flying rapidly away. I was aware of that, charmed as I was; so I glanced at my watch, and rising, begged the privilege of calling frequently, which was readily accorded.

"Wait for me, Vane," said Moreton.

So I stopped at the foot of the steps until he came, and taking my arm, we walked slowly down town.

"I told you I would tell you all about my marriage," he began. "So I shall keep my word with you to-night. You remember my visiting the city a year ago, to attend the commencement at college? Well, that was the most fortunate, or the most unfortunate period of my life — time will show. The problem is stated and must be solved. I think, however, I was very fortunate to go up just at that time; though, how I became so lost to all my former ideas on the subject, I can never imagine. I expect to dream that out sometime. The hall in which the exercises took place, was crowded to overflowing when I arrived there, but by dint of exertion I managed to crowd through the throng, and was about a third of the way up the aisle, when I felt a hand on my arm, and looking round, saw the face of a friend whom I had not met for years. By close sitting he made room for me with his party, and I was very comfortable, compared with my former militant state in the aisle — for I had constantly to put forth all my strength to prevent some elbowing spectator usurping my place. The pale study-worn students went through their parts very honorably, and when the assembly rose to leave, we kept our seats, thinking we would wait for the hall to be cleared. My friend introduced me to his wife and cousin, and would insist on my company to dinner. I was dressed rather carelessly, and would have excused myself, but he would take no excuse. So I went with him. His wife was very fascinating, more so I then thought than his cousin, who, you may guess,

is now my wife. But, at that time I made it a rule to devote myself to married ladies; I did not wish to be snared, and the least proximity to a fowler—and in that class I placed all young, unmarried ladies—frightens all prudent birds.

“But the cousin did not trouble me with her presence after we were seated in the parlor. Indeed, I did not see her until dinner, when she made her appearance, dressed very plainly, yet tastefully. Well, I need not tell you whether I sat opposite to her, or by her side; whether I handed her pie or pudding—you do not wish me, I am sure, to elaborate the simple story, but to give you the leading incidents. You well remember that my stay in the city very much exceeded the limit which I fixed for it, when I left you at the hotel just before I started; and you may imagine that I was not a little surprised, when I discovered that I was enchained, and that though each separate thread which bound me was as attenuated as those which form the spider's web, I could not, with all my struggles free myself. So after striving against fate until I was weary, I gave myself up to the enchantment, resolving that I would return home, work harder than ever, and win a name my lady-love might be proud to wear. I made no confession while there, I merely proposed a correspondence. I imagined my feelings might be passing fancies, which would vanish when I again plunged into my old occupations. I did not dare to propose, for fear I should afterward repent.

“Month after month passed away. I found myself every few days looking anxiously for a letter from C. . . ., or dreaming over one received; and frequently imagining Moreton a much finer name than Howe, and wondering what Miss Emma would think. Sometimes I felt afraid I had gone too far in the matter—but this was when I had just heard from her; when the next letter was due, I was as anxious as before, and in as much haste to reply.

“One evening I was seated in the public parlor of the hotel, which was crowded with strangers, and had esconced myself in a sly corner to take observation, for I think a crowd in a hotel, a fine study for those who love to read human nature. Two young men were sitting near me, partially hidden by the shutter which was thrown carelessly open, and I could distinctly hear their conversation, which was carried on in not a very subdued tone, considering the place. I heard one ask:

“‘Sumner, who did you say the young lady was that captivated so much talent?’”

“‘Her name is Howe—Emma Howe—an orphan, with no fortune but her own peerless mind and noble soul. I protest that I myself should have offered her my poor name, had not her rejection of Cunningham utterly disheartened me.’

“I had heard enough to rouse my latent jealousy. I went to my room and sat down, imploring the presence of all my guardian angels to help me to decision. Before sleeping that night, I wrote to her. Perhaps you would like to know what I wrote. I made a full confession of my old ideas regarding marriage—of my former love of ease and luxury, for which I had been willing to give up domestic bliss—of the sudden upheaval of the old strata, when I perceived the sentiments I had been cherishing as living forms, giving grace, and beauty, and strength to life, were but the fossilized relics of my barbaric state—of my comparative poverty and uncertain future—I tried to be truly honest, Vane; and then I told her I could only plead my great love for her as the excuse for offering her my unknown name; I trusted that she would become my inspiration, and that for her sake my path in life might be blessed—that it could be no otherwise if she but consented to place her hand in mine and journey with me.

“I received an answer in a few days, and then I understood why the

wealthy and talented Cunningham failed to please the fortuneless orphan. But I can't yet understand, Vane, how she came to love me."

We had long before this reached my room, and Moreton looked at the mantel clock, and exclaimed:

"Goodness! it's twelve o'clock, and she'll not know what to think — but call often."

I promised, and he was gone.

THE MINSTREL'S HERITAGE.

BY MRS. H. E. G. AREY.

My father's from the ocean's side with all
their herds and flocks,
Went up into the wilderness, amid the north-
ern rocks;

They scared the panther from his den, the
red wolf from the lair,
And thus they won a home for those whom
God should give them there.

Full swiftly sped their summer's sun, their
land was hard and cold,
And loud and fierce the wintry storms amid
the mountains rolled;
And, while the rich on southern plains their
golden harvests stored,
They, by the blazing pine-fire's light o'er
quaint old volumes pored.

Amid their flocks, and o'er their fields, in sun
and storm they wrought,
Where Nature's grandeur trained for Heaven
each pure aspiring thought;
And like the proud old pines that gird those
mountains broad and blue,
A sturdy race of stalwart men my sire and
grandsires grew.

They bartered no true right for gold — they
shunned no manly toil,
And calmly, with unblinded eyes they looked
on life's turmoil;
There, where the old world's granite heart
in mountains hemmed them in,
Stern virtue was the one proud meed, for
those strong souls to win.

The warmth of happy homes they knew, the
wealth of household love,
They claimed the emerald vales below, the
azure skies above;
The stars on those bold hills did rest — a
kingly diadem —
And little of the world could come betwixt
the heavens and them.

The gush of summer springs amid the for-
ests cool and deep,
The whispering pine-woods were the rhymes
that lulled my infant sleep;

I have but learned my father's love, and
caught the forest's tone,
And from the northern mountains gray I
bring my lyre alone.

The clang of golden trumpets fain would
fright my spirits back
To wood-paths doubly sweeter than the city's
dusty track;
And few, amid the throng will list the min-
strel's simple lay,
And heart and harp are yearning for the
mountains cool and gray.

Aye, keep your gold and diamonds — I care
not these to win,
To pander thus my birthright — Heaven
shield me from the sin!
But, if these strings will still ring true, they
sure have call and cause,
*The ballads of a nation are the parents of her
laws.*

NATURE'S BEAUTIES.

BY EMMA.

In pensive, sad'ning thought, alone
I wandered forth one lovely eve,
Each gentle breeze in winning tone
Besought me not to sigh or grieve;
Indeed, all Nature seemed to say,
This is the hour to praise and pray.

The beauty of that lovely scene,
My feeble pen can ne'er portray;
The dark, dense forest robed in green,
The plain extending far away;
And Lake Ontario's peaceful breast,
An emblem of the soul's sweet rest.

The verdant mount upreared its head,
As if to greet the calm blue sky,
The west with gorgeous hues o'erspread,
The gateway seemed to realms on high.
A magic beauty these possess,
A strange, surpassing loveliness.

Oh! who could gaze with thankless heart,
On scenes so beautiful and fair,
Who feel no tear of gladness start,
And breathe to heaven no earnest prayer?
Not I, thank God! I felt the power
Of that enchanting twilight hour.

My heart o'erflowed with gratitude
To Him who made this world so bright,
My spirit, softened and subdued,
Winged upward its enraptured flight,
And bowing there before the throne,
Praised God the Father, Spirit, Son.

'T is Nature's province to direct
Her votaries above this earth,
And by her lovely scenes reflect
The glorious Author of their birth;
And show in mountain, lake, and sea,
The perfect stamp of Deity.

MAJOR TRUEFITT ON THE
TOO FINE.

REFINEMENT is a very good thing to a certain extent, but it ought not to be carried too far. Human nature we know to be a mixture; besides those intellectual and emotional parts which we cultivate and refine upon, it includes certain animal elements adapted for the rude physical circumstances in which it exists, and serving, indeed, as a needful basis for all the other constituents. In our refining process, we run a risk of carrying this rough and hardy constituent out of its proper relations; thereby injuring it, making it sickly and silly, and so undermining the whole fabric. I say, then, we should not refine too much.

Let us take a grave, analytic view of that pleasant creature of the civilized world — *a lady*. She lives chiefly in a well-furnished house. When she goes abroad, it is in a carriage. She walks little, she has no sort of work that gives exercise to the muscles; the winds of heaven are never allowed to visit her face too roughly. She is consequently a white, soft, slim creature, strikingly different from an average peasant-woman, or a domestic female servant. This elegant being, moreover, insists upon imposing various restraints and obstructions upon her person, with a view of reducing it to a certain ideal which has been conventionally approved of; thus sacrificing to an arbitrary principle of refinement, the healthy play of certain organs essential to the general well-being of the system. The consequence is, that she is unfitted for some of the most important functions imposed on her by destiny, breaks down under them, is perhaps cut short in her career, but more probably undergoes a life-long penance of what is called delicate health, useless for any good end in life, and a source of trouble and vexation to all connected with her. I trace all this — and every physiologist will bear me out in the conclusion — to over-refinement upon the material part of

our nature. A thing formed roughly to bear a part in a rough process has been taken out of its element, and kept there till its constitutional force was lost. It sinks, of course, under the first shock it encounters. One must pity the unfortunate creature, as she is in a great measure the victim of ignorance and a false system; but I often feel how much condolence is also due to those relatives who have the interesting invalid to take care of, and how much better it would be for herself and others if she had kept nearer the appointed level of human nature, and so escaped a well-known class of evils.

When that sweetly engaging creature, a babe, falls into the keeping of a happy pair, how well it would be for both parties if the parents would rightly consider what it is! Do, my dear friends, remember that it is only human. Angel as it seems, it is only a little animal — an animal with some fine potentialities dormant within it — but in the meantime, simply, frankly, and honestly, a little animal. Now, as such, it calls for being kept in harmony with certain conditions round about it. It has a rough, hardy part to play, and rough, hardy organs to play it with. Let it remain rough and hardy to a fair extent, and so maintain its natural ability to play its appointed part. I believe it would be better for it to be a cottage-child, reared on potage, and tumbling from morn to eve on a village-green, than a nurse-tended, pampered denizen of a palace, only allowed to take the air at stated hours in a perambulator, or in a brief, dull walk. The problem is the simplest imaginable. Keep the creature in all respects on the level of human nature — the healthful average between the physical and the mental parts of our being — and all will be well. Make it too fine, and you lay for it the foundations of unnumbered dangers.

The great bulk of the men who are engaged in the professions and in the higher fields of mercantile life, are little aware of the dangers of their

course. Called on to exercise the intellect chiefly, confined to the study and the counting-room, the physical part of their being gets but a restricted play. It has often occurred to me in conversing with a studious friend, or an assiduous man of business, to ask whether he ever fully considered that there are such things going on in the world as the digging of ditches, the felling of trees, and the holding of plows. If they look abroad, they will see that such things are done — that certain men have the strength to do them, and that certain useful ends are thus attained. It appears, in short, that rough labor, vigorous muscular power, and consequent good to the commonwealth, are all of them coherent parts of the scheme of Providence.

Now, there may be individuals better adapted for hard work than others, or it may be convenient to assign the specially hard work to certain persons, while others undertake softer and more refined tasks. But there are no specific differences in human beings to adapt one to one kind of task, and another to another; there are no beings wholly muscle or wholly brain. There is but one constitution for all, each example of which involves some proportion of every feature common to the rest. The men whose *role* it is, then, to use the intellect chiefly, have also a muscular system of some degree of force — not well fitted, perhaps, for ditch-digging, but still a muscular system forming an essential part of their constitution, and requiring to be kept in harmony with the parts of the external world to which it is adapted. They must see to make some use of this clumsy and clogging machine, as they sometimes feel the body to be; otherwise they will have to lay their account with sundry hurtful consequences. If they have no real labor for their arms and their limbs, whereby a useful end may be served, they would do well to take up with some amateur kind, however purposeless. If they dislike digging a garden, let them take to bowling or cricket. Let

them at least take rides or walks. Field-sports unfortunately involve an element of inhumanity; yet even field-sports are better than no sports at all. We sometimes wonder at the eagerness of fine gentlemen to get away from their dulcet city-life to a Highland moor or the banks of a Lapland river, there to go through a course of practice attended by most of the hardships of the peasant's lot; but I regard this appetency as in truth the voice of nature proclaiming that man has a physical system which needs exercise, in order that we may be wholly well and happy.

It was perhaps an internal voice of this kind which prompted some of the philosophers of the eighteenth century to propound the startling dogma, that the life of a savage was the only natural and right life. This it certainly is not; but the idea might nevertheless point to some obscure form of truth. The matter as I apprehend is simply this: The ruder material part of our nature is not changed or extinguished by civilization. It continues, in civilization, to exist, and to prefer its claims for a suitable exercise and gratification; and these claims must be complied with, if we would maintain the whole fabric in *equilibrio* and in health.

There is a similar philosophy regarding our mental nature. It embraces a wonderful variety of powers, sentiments, and tendencies, applicable to an equally wonderful variety of circumstances and necessities, many of which are homely and inelegant, while others are the opposite. The mind of man, in short, has rough work appointed for it in this world, as well as fine; and it has been constituted accordingly, just as the body was formed for hewing trees as well as the carving of ivory-boxes. When we go too far in mental refinement, there arises a class of evils analogous to those which befall the too delicately treated person. Not merely do we become acutely sensitive to trifling vexations, and unfit to stand the serious shocks which from time to time occur to the most happily

placed people, but we grow in selfishness. Every thing which does not yield an immediate return of pleasure, is felt to be a *bore* — a peculiar word, the use of which may be considered as perhaps the best exponent of this system of over-refinement in a portion of society. Ceasing to relish simple pleasures, we get few real ones at all. Disdaining simple worth and mediocre attainments, we narrow the social circle in which we may be useful. Surely this our last estate is worse than the first. At the same time, it has never been found that over-refinement subdues any of the irregular passions of the human breast; it only gives them new directions, or teaches how they may be masked. Let us not be too eager to lay bare the moral interior of the man of extreme refinement. On the other hand, is it not universally found in the ordinary world, that there may be a perfect simplicity of life, making as near an approach to innocence as our nature is susceptible of, where refinement has not been carried beyond a medium degree?

I hope, my friends, that these few imperfect observations will not be considered as a declaration of war against refinement. I am a friend, not an enemy to refinement, and delight to see men and women improving their taste and the style of their manners, when it is done to really good issues. Only let us take care not to carry the process beyond a healthy point, for then we come in contact with evils worse than those we seek to avoid.

THE FLANNEL QUESTION.

THERE has been a war going on for some years between the flannel and anti-flannel parties; and the result has been, that many persons have abandoned woolen under-garments altogether. *Hall's Journal of Health* comes to the rescue, and says:

"In our climate, fickle in its gleams of sunshine and its balmy airs, as a co-

quette in her smiles and favor, consumption bears away every year the ornaments of many of our social circles. The fairest and loveliest are its favorite victims. An ounce of prevention in this fatal disease is worth many pounds of cure; for, when once well seated, it mocks alike medical skill and careful nursing. If the fair sex could be induced to regard the laws of health, many precious lives might be saved; but pasteboard soles, low-necked dresses, and Lilliputian hats, sow annually the seeds of a fatal harvest. The suggestion in the following article from the *Scientific American*, if followed, might save many with consumptive tendencies from an early grave:

"Put it on at once, winter and summer; nothing better can be worn next to the skin than a loose, red woolen shirt; *loose*, for it has room to move on the skin, thus causing a titillation which draws the blood to the surface, and keeps it there; and, when that is the case, no one can take cold; *red*, for white flannel fulls up, mats together, and becomes tight, stiff, heavy, and impervious. Cotton wool merely absorbs the moisture from the surface, while woolen flannel conveys it from the skin, and deposits it in drops on the outside of the shirt, from which the ordinary cotton shirt absorbs it; and by its nearer exposure to the air, it is soon dried without injury to the body. Having these properties, red wool flannel is worn by sailors even in the mid-summer of the hottest countries. Wear a thinner material in summer."

COMMON PATHS.—It sometimes seems to us a poor thing to walk in these common paths wherein all are walking. Yet these common paths are the paths in which blessings travel; they are the ways in which God is met. Welcoming and fulfilling the lowest duties which meet us there, we shall often be surprised to find that we have unawares been entertaining angels.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

AMUSEMENT AND DISSIPATION.

WE all acknowledge the influence which a cheerful tone of mind exerts upon the physical system. The physician orders an invalid to endure the dust and fatigue of travel, chiefly in order that his mind may be diverted from the preying cares of everyday life, and gain tone while resting from harassing duties.

New scenes and new amusements act upon the worn-out mind of the strong man, as a new toy does upon the mind of a child, calling the attention away from the grim presence of physical frailty, and enabling the mind to combat more manfully the ailments of the body. We all know that even an infant when suffering actual pain may have his attention diverted by new and attractive objects, so that for the time the pain seems wholly forgotten; the feeble wail will cease, and a cheerful smile takes the place of the weary look of suffering. And no one can doubt the health-giving influence of such diversion to a feeble child. The mind and body are very closely connected, and the cheerfulness which is produced by a sufficient variety of pleasing and interesting objects, has a direct tendency to keep back the exhausting overflow of physical misery. It keeps off that black melancholy which sometimes seems to eat out the marrow of both soul and body, and on the other hand prevents human nature, in its demand for amusements, from rushing into feverish and dangerous excitements. Those people who frown at the promotion of innocent popular amusements, know very little of human nature, or of the demands of mankind in the mass. If the mass of the people do not have innocent amusements, they will be pretty certain to have those that are not innocent. Noah Webster used to teach us in our "A, B, C" days, that

"All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy;
All play and no work
Makes him a mere toy."

We are pretty much all Jacks in this respect — sure to be dull without the play un-

less we are so unfortunate as to become something worse.

The matron of the backwoods, who, four-fifths of the time, is alone in her house from morning till night, grows weary of the unvaried tread-mill of her duties, and takes her knitting and hies away to seek her nearest neighbor for a little social refreshing. Her thoughts perhaps have been bounded for months together by her bread-tray and cheese-tub. She knows something of the household management of her neighbors, a little of the weather and the crops, and very little else. She gossips. Have you any objection? We hope she preserves a due Christian charity in doing so, but with this borne in mind gossiping is an excellent institution. With the same education, and under the same circumstances, you would gossip yourself, though you are the greatest statesman or the deepest philosopher in the country. The matron of whom we spoke must talk of what she knows. Can you do better? With only limited local knowledge, the chances are that you would gossip — certainly you would either gossip or growl, and the last is worse than the first. We seem to have agreed that the term "gossip" shall apply only to such tale-bearing as is minutely local, and it is only because men get about the world more, and occupy their thoughts within a wider circle, that they leave this work of gossiping so much to the ladies. We repeat it, gossip is an excellent institution. It has saved many a woman from jarring the world with ill-timed lectures or spiritual manifestations.

Even the dullest and simplest minds must have some diversion — must find vent for themselves in some new interest or attraction. And the more attractive the mind, the greater is this necessity. Those who are constantly busy with the stir and turmoil of the world, may find diversion in that quiet which allows them to retire within themselves. All active minds must have this kind of quiet, and when deprived of it will hunger for self-communion. We do not think the better of those persons who can live in the noisy world without any demand for

retirement. But these are only the moments when we look backward and forward on our way to gather ourselves up for our work. We need other relaxation than this.

We must make our homes lovely to our children, and give them innocent amusements there, if we would not have them seek forbidden ones abroad. Let them gather about the laden Christmas' trees when the winter fires are piled high. Let us superintend with our own hands their holiday amusements. We shall waste no time in doing this. It is for this that the added days are granted us.

All amusement which degenerates into excitement, so as to produce weariness and disgust rather than new freshness and vigor, may well be called dissipation. But its taint will rarely affect those families that have been reared with a due regard to those innocent amusements which retain the affections about our own hearthstones.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mary E. W.—We shall be glad to hear from you, but can not say whether any communication will be accepted before we have seen it.

L. Y. L.—Your contribution might be praiseworthy as a school composition, but it would hardly interest the general readers of *THE HOME*. The style is heavy—for such a subject it should be lively and attractive.

A. Y. J.—We shall be very likely to welcome you to the pages of *THE HOME* if you come for admission. Try us and see.

J. D.—Don't try to write poetry any more. You can take any amount of prose and measure it off into regular feet and make it rhyme, and write it very neatly, but it is no more *poetry* than a pile of lumber measured off in the same way would be.

"Lillie."—Well, you float a little better on the waters of poesy, but it's hardly worth while for the printer to pick up letter by letter, and place in form and print such verses as yours, that you may read through again and again in search of *something* you can not find, when the world is rich in the poems of Isaiah and Milton.

HEALTH.

We cut the following remarks upon the atmosphere, from Prof. Youman's "Hand-book of Household Science:"

HOW MOIST AIR AFFECTS THE SYSTEM.—

The skin relieves the system of moisture in two ways: by insensible perspiration, and by sweating. Under common circumstances, the loss is six times greater by the former than by the latter process. The skin, as well as the lungs, is an excreting organ; it contains, packed away, some twenty-eight miles of microscopic tubing, arranged to drain the system of its noxious matters, carbonic acid, etc., which, if retained in the body, become quickly injurious. The perspiration given off in this climate amounts to twenty ounces per day, and in hot countries to twice that quantity. But air which is already saturated with moisture refuses to receive the perspiration which is offered it from the skin and lungs; the sewerage of the system is dammed up. Much of the oppressions and languor that even the robust sometimes feel in close and sultry days, is due to the obstruction of the insensible perspiration by an atmosphere surcharged with humidity. Not only are waste matters generated in the system thus unduly retained, but malarious poisons introduced through the lungs by respiration are prevented from escaping; which would lead us to anticipate a greater prevalence of epidemic diseases in damp than in dry districts. Such is the fact, as we notice in cholera, which follows the banks of rivers, and revels in damp, low situations. Moisture joined with warmth is most baneful to the system. The American Medical Association report that during the remarkable prevalence of sun-stroke in the city of New York in the summer of 1853, which almost amounted to an epidemic, the heat of the atmosphere was accompanied by great humidity, the dew-point reaching the extraordinary height of eighty-four degrees. In Buffalo, in the summer of 1854, the progress of cholera to its height was accompanied by a steady increase in atmospheric humidity. Air which is warm and light has a relaxing and weakening influence upon the body. The *sirocco* is invariably charged with moisture, and its effects upon the animal economy illustrate but

in an exaggerated degree the influence of damp, warm weather. When it blows with any strength, the dew-point is seldom more than four or five degrees below the temperature of the air. The higher its temperature, the more distressing its effects, owing to the little evaporation it produces. This connected with its humidity, is the principal cause of all its peculiarities—of the oppressive heat—of the perspiration with which the body is bathed—of its relaxing and debilitating effects on the system, and its lowering and dispiriting effects upon the mind.—(Wyman.) Damp air at the same temperature as dry air has a more powerful cooling effect, producing a peculiar penetrating, chilling feeling, with paleness and shivering, painfully known to New England invalids as accompanying the east winds of spring.

EFFECTS OF DRY AIR.—Dry air favors evaporation. By promoting rapid transpiration from the pores of the skin, it braces the bodily energies and induces exhilaration of the spirits. Cold, dry air is invigorating, and reddens the skin, with none of the distressing symptoms of cold, moist air. If very dry, it not only accelerates perspiration, but desiccates and parches the surface, and deprives the lining membrane of the throat and mouth of its moisture so rapidly as to produce an uncomfortable dryness or even inflammation. Dry climates, which quicken evaporation, are best adapted for relaxed and languid constitutions with profuse secretion, as those afflicted with humid asthma, and chronic catarrh with copious expectoration. The *harmattan*, a dry wind from the scorching sands of Africa, withers, shrivels, and warps every thing in its course. The eyes, lips, and palate become dry and painful. Yet it seems to neutralize certain conditions of disease. "Its first breath cures intermittent fevers. Epidemic fevers disappear at its coming, and small-pox infection becomes incommunicable."

CAUSE OF THE UNWHOLESOMENESS OF NIGHT AIR.—There is ground for the common belief that night air is less healthful than that of the day. It is known that the deadly tropical fevers affect persons almost wholly during the night. Yet the poisonous miasms from the rotting substances of the ground which cause those fevers, is produced much

faster during the intense heat of the day than in the colder night. But in the daytime, under the hot tropical sun, the air heated by contact with the burning ground expands and rises in an upward current, thus diluting and carrying away the poisonous malaria as fast as it is set free. The invisible seeds of pestilence, as they ripen in the festering earth, are lifted and dispersed in the daytime by solar heat; but as no such force is at work at night, they then accumulate and condense in the lower layer of the atmosphere. Now, although fatal fever poison may not be generated, yet decomposition of vegetable matter yielding products which are detrimental to health, take place everywhere upon the surface of the ground; and though dissipated during the day, they are concentrated and confined so close to the earth at night as to affect the breathing stratum of the air.

UPPER ROOMS LEAST AFFECTED BY NIGHT AIR.—It will hence be seen that the different stories of a house are differently related to this source of injury; the upper ones, being situated above the unwholesome zone, are most eligible for sleeping chambers, while the ground-floor is more directly exposed to the danger. Dr. Rush states, that during the prevalence of yellow fever in Philadelphia, those who occupied apartments in the third story were far less liable to attack than those who resided lower. Low one-story houses, in which the inhabitants sleep but three or four feet from the ground, and are therefore directly exposed to the terrestrial exhalations, must be considered more objectionable than loftier sleeping apartments. Sleeping in low rooms is perhaps worse in the city than in the country.

AIR WITHIN DOORS.—When we enter a dwelling the case is altered. It is as if the boundless atmosphere had ceased to exist, or had been contracted within the walls of the apartment we occupy. Causes of impurity now become a matter of serious consideration. They are capable of affecting, in the most injurious manner, the little stock of air in which we are confined; and it is therefore, on every account important that we have a clear idea of the nature and extent of the common causes which vitiate the air of our dwellings.

CONTAMINATION OF AIR FROM THE HUMAN BEING.—It is a common belief that the human system is distinguished by its vital power of resisting, during life, the physical agents which would destroy it; but that after death it is abandoned to these forces, and falls quickly into putrefaction. This is an error. Under the influence of physical agency, decomposition is constantly going on throughout the body, and is indeed the fundamental condition of its life. There is the same decay and chemical decomposition taking place in the animal fabric during life as after death; the difference being, that in the dead body the decomposing changes speedily spread throughout the mass, while in the living system they are limited and regulated, and provision is made for the incessant and swift expulsion of these effete and poisonous products of change, which if retained within the organism for but the shortest time would destroy it. Streams of subtle and almost intangible putrescent matter are, all through life, exhaling from each living animal body into the air. The fluid thrown from the lungs and skin is not pure water. It not only holds in solution carbonic acid, but it contains also animal matter, the exact nature of which has not been determined.

From recent inquiries, it appears to be an albuminous substance in a state of decomposition. If the fluid be kept in a closed vessel, and be exposed to an elevated temperature, a very evident putrid odor is exhaled by it. Le Blanc states that the odor of the air at the top of the ventilator of a crowded room is of so obnoxious a character that it is dangerous to be exposed to it, even for a short time. If this air be passed through pure water, the water soon exhibits all the phenomena of putrefactive fermentation. Here is Dr. Faraday's testimony on this point:

"Air feels unpleasant in the breathing cavities, including the mouth and nostrils, not merely from the absence of oxygen, the presence of carbonic acid, or the elevation of the temperature, but from other causes dependant on matters communicated to it from the human being. I think an individual may find a decided difference in his feelings when making a part of a large company,

from what he does when one of a small number of persons, and yet the thermometer give the same indication. When I am one of a large number of persons, I feel an oppressive sensation of closeness, notwithstanding the temperature may be about sixty or sixty-five degrees, which I do not feel in a small company at the same temperature, and which I can not refer altogether to the absorption of oxygen, or the inhalation of carbonic acid, and probably depends upon the effluvia from the many present; but with me it is much diminished by a lowering of the temperature, and the sensations become more like those occurring in a small company."

AIR OF BEDROOMS.—The escape of offensive matters from the living person becomes most obvious when from the pure air we enter an unventilated bedroom in the morning, where one or two have slept the night before. Every one must have experienced the sickening and disgusting odor upon going into such a room, though its occupants themselves do not recognize it. The nose, although an organ of exquisite sensibility, and capable of perceiving the presence of offensive matters where the most delicate chemical tests fail, is nevertheless easily blunted, and what at the first impression feels pre-eminentlly disgusting, quickly becomes inoffensive. Two persons occupying a bed for eight hours, impart to the sheets by insensible respiration, and to the air by breathing, a pound of watery vapor charged with latent animal poison. Where the air in other inhabited rooms is not often changed, the water of exhalation thus loaded with impurities, condenses upon the furniture, windows and walls, dampening their surfaces and running down in unwholesome streams.

RECIPES.

TOMATO JAM.—Take ripe tomatoes, peel them, and take out all the seeds; put them into a preserving kettle, with half a pound sugar for each pound of prepared tomatoes; boil one or two lemons soft, then pound them fine; take out the pips and put them to the tomatoes, and boil slowly; mash them to a smooth mass; continue to stir them until smooth and thick, then put it in jars or tumblers.